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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c. in 1836-7; including a Steam Voyage down the Danube, from Vienna to Constantinople, and round the Coast of the Black Sea. By Edmund Spencer, Esq. author of "Germany and the Germans," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

WE are delighted with this work; and yet we do not know whether to say it is more interesting or important. Circassia has assumed a position of European importance as a test of the political or ambitious views ascribed to Russia; and the country is no less an object of interest from its original and patriarchal features, and the paucity of our information respecting it. Having received Capt. Spencer's volumes, however, at too late a period in our present, abridged, week, to do their general contents any thing like justice, and being allured by the particular portion to which we have just alluded, we trust our readers will be satisfied with the limitation of our attention to that branch of the subject; leaving for future occasion the remarks on the national relations involved in the existing condition of the Circassians, as well as the novel incidents of a pleasant voyage round the Black Sea with Count Worronzow, the chief authority in these parts.

At once, therefore, we start from Trebizond, whence our author sailed on his Circassian expedition, and approach the longed-for coast.

"On our captain hoisting a signal, well known to the Circassians, we heard several musket-shots fired in various directions through the woods, when, instantly, thousands of armed men lined the beach and sides of the mountains, appearing as if they had sprung up out of the earth; for, only a moment before, there was not a human being visible. Presently, several long boats, borne on the shoulders of the men to the beach, were launched, and we were boarded by dozens of stout fellows, singing in chorus their 'ka, ri, ra,' who commenced unloading the cargo; and, in an incredibly short time, the whole, including our vessel, was ashore: the latter, snugly concealed from view, in a small river, shaded by majestic trees. This precaution was used in consequence of the destruction of several of their little barks, some days previous, by the Russians, who paid them an unwelcome visit; but, so far as we could understand from the natives, the enemy had suffered considerably in return, which obliged them to make a precipitate retreat to their ships."

"I was now about commencing a tour under disadvantages such as I had never before experienced, having always made it a rule to acquaint myself with the history, customs, manners, and, above all, the language, of whatever country I might be about to visit: but here was a country and a people of whom the civilised world know little; and a language, according to the opinion of linguists, without the slightest affinity to any other on the face of the earth—a language, not only without literature, but any rule or compass to guide the student, rendering it nearly impossible to convey any correct idea of its sounds by Euro-

pean characters. Not, however, that this is the only difficulty, for every one of its tribes speak a different dialect of the Circassian; and, although I had made myself master of several phrases, through the assistance of my Circassian friends at Constantinople, yet I found them nearly useless, when attempting to convey my wishes and desires to the people by whom I was now surrounded. An anecdote is related of one of the Sultans of Turkey, famous for his love of letters, who sent a learned Turk to the Caucasus to learn the language of the inhabitants, and reduce it to established rules. After some time he returned to his master hopeless of success in his enterprise, carrying with him a bag of pebbles, which he shook, saying, that he could give no better imitation of the sounds of the language spoken by that people."

Having gone a little way inland, with the Captain, the writer says:—

"Numerous herds of cattle, enclosed by palisades, were seen, in one place, enjoying the richest pastures; in another, men, women, and children, were engaged in their various labours of husbandry; giving to the landscape that beautiful rural aspect so characteristic of a pastoral people; and I was not a little amused to see the men and boys, at work in the fields, on perceiving our party, desert their labours, fly to their cottages, arm themselves, and mount their horses, in order to swell our ranks."

He arrives at the residence of a person of some rank, who is from home, but the guests are hospitably received and entertained by his cousin.

"During the repast, we were waited upon, in addition to our host, by several female slaves. The drink was a species of mead, and the boza of the Tartars, made from millet, in taste not unlike small beer. The bread was a composition of wheat and maize, of excellent flavour; and, in the pilaff, which was not to be despised, buck-wheat formed a very good substitute for rice. Of course, we had a pewter tray for a tablecloth, wooden bowls for glasses, poniards for carving knives, fingers for forks, and the palms of our hands for spoons: but all these inconveniences, common to the East, were to me but as a feather in the balance, compared with being obliged to sit for an hour on a carpet, cross-legged; and, I assure you, I felt not a little pleasure, when the ceremony was over, to take a ramble through the grounds."

"In this pastoral country, like that of the patriarchs of old, the riches of the Circassians consist in the number of their flocks and herds, to which we may add their wives and children. Those of my host, Ghatke Atiokhai, were numerous, and remarkably fine, particularly the horses, the greatest attention being paid by every Circassian to their breed, which are highly esteemed in the neighbouring countries, Russia and Turkey; and I remarked, that the character with which the cattle were branded bore some resemblance to the Grecian alphabet. During our rambles through the grounds, we found the wives and children of my host, with their slaves, employed in agricultural pursuits, or tending their flocks and herds. Some were

engaged in reaping, others in milking the cows; and one fine-looking princess, with the force of an Amazon, was repairing a wooden fence with a hatchet. Among the children, there was a remarkably good-looking, curly headed boy, and a girl, about eight or nine years of age, who seemed, in an especial degree, to possess the affection of the father. I was just in the act of extolling the beauty of the children, when I was fortunately checked in time by the captain; for though, in Europe, you win the heart of a parent by praising his offspring, yet here, for the same compliment, you are accused of intending to extend over them the malign influence of the evil eye. The young urchins were not inappropriately named the 'Look of a Lion,' and the 'Speed of a Deer,' for the one was playing with the half-wild horses as if they were kittens, while the fair young princess displayed the utmost agility in driving her refractory charge of goats, cows, and buffaloes, to water."

Of the natives we are told:—

"Beauty of feature, and symmetry of form, for which this people are celebrated, is no chimera (and some of the finest statues of the ancients do not display, in their proportions, greater perfection); but, it is the singular degree of animation in the eye, so generally observable, that most arrests attention: when this is exhibited in a high degree in the men, it gives an expression of great ferocity to the countenance; and, when we see a warrior, mounted on his fiery steed, armed and equipped for battle, brandishing his scimitar in the air, bending, turning, and stoping at full gallop, with unequalled agility and grace of action, he realises every idea of Homer's Hector. The complexion of both sexes is far more ruddy and fresh than might be expected in such a latitude. In that of the women, delicately so, who, aware, like their sex in Europe, of the advantage of a pretty person, use every artificial means, by cosmetics, &c., to improve their beauty. Still, the traveller who may read my account, and expects to find the whole population such as I have described, will be woefully disappointed, should he find himself, on arriving in Circassia, surrounded by a tribe of Nogay Tartars, Calmucks, Turcomans, or even the Lesghi. The latter, however, a fine warlike race, are nearly equal, in personal appearance, to the Circassians, but more ferocious in character, and less refined in manners. The Caucasian valleys having been, in all ages, the asylum of those who fled from oppression in the neighbouring countries, we every where find tribes differing from each other in appearance, customs, and manners. Still, as the Circassian men never intermarry with any other race than their own, they preserve their lineage uncontaminated, a father paying more attention to the beauty of feature and form in a wife for his son, than any other consideration; and, if I have been rightly informed, a prince, or usden, never sells his daughter, except to one of his own nation and rank. My first impression at Pitzounda, on seeing a number of Caucasians together, was, that they were decidedly of Grecian origin. This, however, I found, did not correspond with the general physical cha-

acter of the people, as I advanced into the interior of the country, there being a greater proportion with the small aquiline nose, and fine arched eyebrow, than any other. This remark may be more particularly applied to that powerful tribe, called the Nottakhaizii, celebrated as being the bravest, handsomest, and purest race among the Circassians; and who still preserve the tradition that their ancestors came from beyond the seas. Were it not that we are ascending into the regions of fable, we might almost suppose them to be descended from a remnant of the Trojans. * *

"Owing to their robust frames, and temperate manner of living, the Caucasians generally attain an advanced age, their diseases being neither numerous nor dangerous. This we must attribute, independently of their simple diet, to their constant exercise, pure air, freedom from anxiety, and exemption from every employment not congenial with health. The more I see of the Caucasians, the more I am convinced, notwithstanding the bad character they bear abroad, that they are naturally a kind-hearted people; and though travellers, no doubt, have had abundant reason to complain of their brigandage, this does not emanate from cruelty, but long-established usage. This sanctions the custom, that every foreigner who enters their country, without placing himself under the protection of a chief, who will be answerable for his good conduct, becomes the property of the first Circassian who chooses to seize him as a slave. This chief, or elder, receives the appellation of Konak. On the other hand, the traveller who, on entering the country conforms to the above rule, may confide to the care of a Circassian not only his property but his life; and any one of these people would, if it were necessary, die in his defence. In short, in all my wanderings, and they have been not a few, I never found the inhabitants of any country more hospitable, generous, courteous, or courageous. Remember, however, that these commendations are only deserved by the Circassian so long as he is among his own people; for, when at enmity with a neighbouring tribe, or engaged in war, he is a most reckless robber; a natural consequence of the belief in which he has been educated, that to plunder adroitly and successfully, is a part of military discipline."

The following remarks are suggested by further travel through the country, and more time for observing its peculiarities.

"Here I was made acquainted with their manner of procuring sugar, which is derived from the walnut-tree, that flourishes here in extraordinary perfection. During spring, just as the sap is rising, the trunk is pierced, and a spigot left in it for some time. When this is withdrawn, a clear sweet liquor flows out, which is left to coagulate; and on some occasions they refine it. For diseases of the lungs and general debility, they consider it a most valuable medicine. Clarified honey, bleached in the sun till it becomes quite white, is another substitute for sugar. * *

"The most common musical instruments I observed among them, were the two-stringed lyre and a sort of pipe: the latter is sometimes made of silver, or any other metal, and, not unfrequently, from the large canes that grow in the marshes near the Konban. The form is not less curious than the mode of playing on it, and the sounds it produces. The length is about two feet, with only three finger-holes at the lower extremity; and the mouth-piece, projecting about an inch in length, being open at each side, the performer presses it against

the roof of his mouth, when it gives forth sounds similar to those of a bagpipe. Sometimes I have seen them play a sort of march on two of these at the same time, which was by no means disagreeable to the ear. I have also observed the harp in use, but it is not national; neither is the drum, nor the tambourine; the performers on these instruments being generally wandering Calmucks, or gipsies. I was much pleased with the originality of the Circassian melodies; and the music, when compared with that of the Tartars and Turks, is harmonious enough. Their ka-ri-ra, a boat song, chanted by the whole population, is admirable; also a sort of march, performed on the pipe: but their greatest favourites are the war songs, generally sung in chorus while marching, when the woods and mountains re-echo the martial strain, and the enthusiasm of the people is excited to a degree only found in an eastern clime. Their songs usually refer to some victory obtained over the Cossacks or the *fana Muscov*; or are expressive of an animated call to battle." Thus:—

"War Song.

Hark! oh, hark! the fife and drum!
Onward, on the Cossacks come:
Sound the war-cry, sword and lance
Gleam in air, advance, advance!
Raise, oh, raise the banner high!
Arm! arm all, for *Atteghé*!
Guard the valley, guard the dell!
Heath and home, farewell, farewell!
We will dare the battle strife,
We will gladly peril life,
Death or liberty's the cry!
Win the day, or nobly die!
Who would fly when danger calls?
Freemen's hearts are freedom's walls!
Heav'n receives alone the brave—
Angels guard the patriot's grave!
Beats there here a traitor's heart,
Draped by wily *Muscov* art,
Who his land for gold would give?
Let him die, or childless live!
Hark! oh, hark! the cannons roar!
Foe meets foe, to part no more!
Quail, ye slaves, 'neath freemen's glance!
Victory's ours!—advance! advance!"

Our next is a notice of some antiquities:—
"While wandering through the valleys, I frequently found tumuli, similar to those of Krim-Tartary, except that here they are more varied in their form, and of larger dimensions; sometimes composed of earth, resembling beautiful green hills; sometimes girt by a stone wall, and sometimes nothing better than a vast heap of loose stones; and, to give you an idea of their great antiquity, I have generally found them crowned by a majestic oak, which, to judge from the parent stem, must have been at least a descendant of the third or fourth generation. The traditions of the natives give no other explanation as to their origin and purpose, than that they were the burial-places of the people who occupied the country previous to themselves, and that it was only distinguished warriors who were entitled to such a sepulchre. However, most certain it is, they have no feature in common with those of the Circassians of the present day, whose mode of interment only differs from that of the Turks in the single circumstance that the grave of the warrior chief is generally covered either with a wooden roof, or a large stone slab, intended to shelter the wanderer alike from the tempest and the burning rays of the sun. The only indication we have of the sort of people that inhabited the Caucasus in days of old, is, now and then, an antique statue of common stone, rudely carved, representing a human figure, of either sex, with a large head, flat breast, short neck, broad face, high cheek bones, and flat nose, exactly like a Calmuck; and the head-dress is precisely similar to that worn by a Calmuck woman of the

present day. Being extremely desirous of opening a tumulus, I at length, after repeated solicitations, obtained the consent of my Konak; but, alas! not a single Circassian could be prevailed on to assist in so dreadful an enterprise as to invade the rights of the demon that guarded the treasure, consequently, I was obliged to resign every hope of gratifying my curiosity. To this singular superstition, so prevalent, also, among the Turks and Tartars, we may principally attribute the circumstance that the tumuli of these countries have been left to the present day unmolested. I had, however, the pleasure of descending into the interior of one, during my rambles on the coast, near Soudjouk Kalé. To judge from its appearance, and the age of the trees that had sprung up on the excavated earth in the vicinity, it must have been opened some centuries ago, most probably by the Genoese. On examination, I discovered a few fragments of unglazed terra cotta vases, containing charcoal and earth, remarkable neither for beauty of design nor elegance of form. There were also strewn about several pieces of white sea-weed, of the same species as that I had seen in the tumuli of Krim-Tartary. Nevertheless, the interior of this differed not only from those of that country in the construction—in the vases being less beautiful, but in the circumstance that the entrance was placed due east; probably originating in a superstitious feeling of the people for the glorious luminary of day. Whether this arose from accident or intention, I cannot determine; it may, nevertheless, serve as a guide to future travellers in their research. The interior consisted of a large arched vault, built of cut stone, united without cement; and, from the skill displayed in the construction, and the admirable turn of the arch, there was sufficient evidence to prove that it must have been the work of a people far advanced in the arts of civilised life. That they were a people wealthy and powerful, is equally apparent; for, who can behold one of those mountains, raised to immortalise the memory of the illustrious dead, without being astonished at the prodigious labour and enormous expense that must have been incurred in erecting one? And what monument could any people raise to the memory of their forefathers so simple and enduring? for while the vast and sumptuous edifice, the triumphal arch, even the gigantic pyramid, have crumbled, and continue crumbling, into dust,—these alone have remained unchanged for ages, and will continue to the end of time; appearing as if left to mark the path of the first inhabitants of the earth, as they passed onward from the East to people the more distant parts of the globe."

We conclude with a general description of the habits of the people; and a particular description of their simple marriage ceremonies.

"The general food of the Circassians differs little from that of the Tartars who inhabit the mountainous parts of the Crimea; mutton, kid, fowls, rice, buck-wheat, millet, dried fruits, and honey, form the principal ingredients of the cuisine. Fish, notwithstanding it abounds in the Euxine, and in the rivers of the country, I never found served at their tables. Almost every species of game is eaten, except the boar and porcupine; and, like the Turks, they are accustomed to season their meat somewhat plentifully with capsicums. The quantity of raw cucumbers consumed by the whole population is astonishing: they may be seen eating them during the whole day. Unlike ours, the rind is perfectly white; and although they

grow to a prodigious size and length, yet they retain all the crispness and flavour peculiar to a young cucumber. During the summer, quantities are collected and preserved in salt for the winter, in the same manner as the Germans do sauer-kraut. The tendrils and young fruit of the pumpkin are also much in demand. These are boiled, and eaten with butter, salt, and capsiems. I frequently partook of this vegetable, when I found it by no means despicable. Wild asparagus, carrot, and the leaves of the dandelion, are held in high estimation. The honey is indebted for its very superior quality and flavour to the wild thyme, and other aromatic flowers of the mountains, upon which the bees feed; and forms a most important article in the husbandry and *cuisine* of a Circassian. It is not only eaten in the comb, but used in a great variety of dishes. Their mode of keeping the bees is extremely simple: sometimes a hive is plaited together from the bark of the linden, into a cylinder-like form, of six or seven inches in diameter; but, most generally, the bark of a young tree is preferred, the extremities of which are closed up, and placed horizontally in piles upon each other. When detaching the bees from the hive, they use a little burned straw instead of sulphur. Wines, spirituous liquors, even the boza of the Tartars and Turks, called here *bak-sima*, is rarely used by the Circassians, their favourite beverage being the *skhou*; a species of sour-milk, peculiar to the East, and which I found to be a most healthy, refreshing, and agreeable beverage, during my travels in these countries. Fresh milk (*skhind*) is never used by the Circassians, being considered unwholesome, and certain to originate fevers: hence they are accustomed to boil it every morning and evening after the cows are milked, and, when cool, mixing with it a little of the old *skhou*. In three or four hours afterwards it becomes thick, and fit for use; and, when flavoured with a little rose-water and sugar, or indeed in any form whatever, it is a most grateful and refreshing drink. Even now, I recall with gratitude the deliciously cool draught, which I frequently drank, while suffering from a heat of at least 40 degrees of Renumur. It is worthy of remark, that the *skhou* alone gives to the milk that peculiarly agreeable taste which we find in the East; and preserves it, during the hottest weather, in a fit state for drinking. From whence the *skhou* had its origin, is a matter of great contention among the people of the East. The Turks and Tartars, who call it *yaourte*, say, in accordance with their traditions, that the Almighty himself revealed the knowledge of its use to Abraham, who transmitted the art of preparing it to posterity; while the Circassians, and, I believe, the Arabs, contend that Hagar, when driven from the house of her lord, and fainting with heat and thirst in the desert, was presented by angels with a cup of the oriental nectar: from which time it has been preserved to the present day, as a corrective to the milk. However, be this as it may, the *skhou* constitutes the principal article in the food of a Circassian: boiled with millet, or maize, it forms his breakfast; while his pilaff, at noon and evening meal, are alike mixed with it. During winter, that the supply should be unfailing, it is preserved in tubs, with a little salt, when it forms a consistency like curd. Next to *skhou*, the article of food most necessary to these primitive people is millet—without which, and a bottle of their favourite beverage, no Circassian ever leaves home; and as flint and steel form an indispensable part of his travelling apparatus, he is never at a loss for subsistence, even in the most

desolate regions. While bivouacking, it is an interesting sight to see hundreds seated around their fires, each with his little casserole, preparing his slender repast, which, from their temperate habits, they enjoy with as keen a relish as the professed gourmand of Europe would the most *récherché* viands of the *cuisine*."

Marrying—"When the accepted lover has fulfilled his engagements, or given security for their performance, arrangements are made for the marriage; the girl is decked in all her finery, and completely covered by a long white veil, which, among the wealthy, is flowered with gold or silver. A friend of the bridegroom officiates as bridesman, and gallops away with the girl to the house of some relative where the wedding is to be celebrated. On arriving at their destination, the bride is received by the matron of the house with all the solemnity observed on such an important occasion. She is then conducted to the apartment destined for the happy pair, where she is left alone, with a bundle of pine torches, or a fire of the same material; the replenishing of which, so as to preserve a continued blaze until the arrival of her destined lord, is an indispensable duty. This is done to prevent the entrance of any supernatural enemy, who might be tempted to run away with the prize. We must not, however, forget to mention, that an elderly matron, one who usually officiates on such occasions, after the entrance of the bride, performs the mystic ceremony of walking three times round the nuptial-bed, repeating the words of some charm in Arabic, commencing with the head, and finishing with the feet; after which she places three earthenware pots, filled with corn, at the head, foot, and side, in each of which a lamp is left burning. The happy moment, midnight, having arrived, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and seeks his friend, who, in the interim, takes up his abode in the neighbouring woods. On being introduced to his bride elect, he draws his poniard, and instantly performs the ceremony, so peculiar to the whole of the Caucasian tribes, of cutting open the corset that has confined her form from infancy. It is owing to this singular custom of wearing the corset, that we so frequently see the countenances of the young girls sallow and unhealthy in Circassia, and their forms often ill-shaped; for it is not until being divested of the virginal corset, that they expand into what nature had intended them to be. No other ceremony is observed at a Circassian bridal, except feasting and merry-making. At the break of day the youth departs with his wife, presents her to his parents, and she is installed in the dwelling appropriated for her near their house; but, according to the custom of the people, her husband never visits her except by stealth,—a degree of disgrace being attached to the man who devotes his time to the society of his wife. Polygamy is allowed; but a Circassian is generally contented with one wife; or, at most, two."

It is with difficulty we can bring ourselves to close here, having merely strung together a few striking passages; and left we know not how many valuable matters untouched. The spreading of the independent flag of Circassia is alone a scene of animation to inspire enthusiasm; but the whole—the mixture of manners, which remind us strongly of the earliest Eastern, of the most warlike Roman, of our own Feudal times—presents a series of pictures hardly to be surpassed in interest.

Personal Memoirs and Correspondence of Colonel Charles Shaw, K.C.T.S., &c., comprising a Narrative of the War in Portugal and Spain, from its Commencement in 1831, to the Dissolution of the British Legion in 1837. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Colburn.

A GALLANT; intelligent, and honourable Scotsman, who has seen much of the world, and, as an officer, much dashing service, could not give an account of his personal "whereabouts," without furnishing a narrative of much curious and entertaining matter. Such is the work before us; and, with the autumnal holidays before our readers (if the approaching political turmoil will allow of any holiday-making), we can safely recommend it to their attention, as a pleasant and excellent *passé-temps*. For ourselves, we shall meddle little with the wars which occupy three-fourths of the volumes (and the two contain 1160 pages), for we have already gone through them with several campaigner-authors; and we are not of that squad who like to fight all our battles o'er again.

Young Shaw was, he tells us, fond of fishing in his boyhood; and fancying that the lawyers' long vacation would enable him most readily to gratify that piscatorial taste, he began life with the study of the law. Discovering, however, that to barb and torture men, to hook and play them, to look at and enjoy their dying struggles, was not quite so compatible as he had imagined with the like procedure towards trout and salmon, he abandoned the law for the army, and became himself a lobster in the distinguished 52d regiment, in January 1813. He was employed under Lord Lynedoch in the expedition against Bergen-op-Zoom and Antwerp; but had not the good fortune to be present at Waterloo. After the peace, he settled as a wine-merchant in Edinburgh; and tired of this at length, took an interesting pedestrian tour through France; and thence visited Savoy, Switzerland, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Italy; and in Sept. 1831 returned to his native land. It is from his marches, and long continental walk, that we select the following illustrations. At Yprés we are told of a curious custom, the origin of which is lost in a night of antiquity, so dark as to be impenetrable even to the eyes of a cat.

"A cat is taken to the top of the high steeple in the square; about twenty blown bladders are then attached to its body, when it is flung into the street below. The poor creature sails quietly and slowly through the air, mewling piteously all the while. As it approaches the earth, all hands are extended ready to seize it, for the lucky person is free from municipal taxes during the ensuing year. The cat's claws and feet are left at liberty; and it sometimes happens that the happy man who is to pay no taxes gets well scratched for his pains."

Nevertheless, the cat in preference to the tax-gatherer, against the world! Our next is an ingenious anecdote of smuggling.

"St. Maloes was, during the war, noted for the number of its privateers, and for the boldness of the sailors. They were, and still are, smugglers. Their method of smuggling French gloves was clever. They wrote to their friends in England, giving them notice, on such a day, a boat would leave St. Maloes with a cargo of right-hand gloves, and would put herself in the way, so as to be captured by one of the English cruisers. The boat sailed, was captured, and, to the astonishment of the captors, was found full of gloves only for the right hand. At this time little was known of France, and the custom of the French wearing only one glove was quite like their niggardliness; so the

gloves were exposed for sale at the Custom-house, and sold as waste stuff for a mere trifle to the English smuggler, who immediately, on making the purchase, sent intimation to France. His friends there instantly load a boat at Cherbourg with left-hand gloves, and despatch her with orders to be captured. This of course happens; she is carried into another English port, and the left-hand gloves are exposed for sale, and again bought in for a trifle by the friend or partner of the smuggler who bought the right-hands. Thus the smugglers obtain a cargo of gloves for almost nothing."

We can hardly consider this the practice of Scriptural charity; for, evidently, their right hands know very well what their left are doing. But *allons!* In his travels, the author tells us,

"Next to the abuse of Sir Hudson Lowe, the French indulge in attacks on Sir Walter Scott, whom they do not hesitate to designate, very unjustly, as being ready to sacrifice truth at the shrine of those who are in power. They read his novels, perhaps, more than the English, and admire them as much. They know every particular of his private history, and blame him much for omitting the name of Sir John Moore, in his poem written for the benefit of the Spaniards. Sir John Moore is always spoken of in France as the best English general; and they say Sir Walter neglected him in order to please Lord Castlereagh. In a word, all parties shamefully agree in abuse of him for his Life of Napoleon."

Nor is this surprising. National vanity can make a tolerably flattering story out of the glorious victory of Corunna, because it was the end of a retreat, and could not be followed up offensively; whereas Waterloo, not to mention any of Wellington's Spanish triumphs, are too intractable to be moulded even by French ingenuity into agreeable fictions. As for the Life of Napoleon, it has its faults; but its truths are as unpalatable as its mistakes to the majority of French readers.

But to come to more useful and less disputable matters, our author gives a receipt for avoiding thirst: indeed, he gives two receipts; for in one he states that wetting the legs affords much relief; and again,

"To prevent thirst in hot weather, nothing is better than to take a great quantity of fresh butter with your bread at breakfast. Avoid drinking water as you would poison; in short, drink as little as possible of any thing, and do not give way to the first sensation of thirst."

Our next quotation furnishes the interesting details of a visit to the celebrated monastery of La Trappe.

"In a short time" (says Colonel Shaw) I saw an extensive sheet of water, with a building on one side. A dog began to bark furiously, when a man, covered with a dark, short, brownish cloak, a large cowl of the same colour, stockings which had once been white, and wooden shoes, came forward, and made signs

to me to enter the porter's lodge. I was then, by signals, handed over to another person similarly dressed, and by him conducted into the saloon of the monastery. There the questions, Are you a Catholic or Protestant? and, How long do you intend to gratify them with your company? are immediately put. My *cicerone* then retired and left me alone. In a short time, one of the Trappists, dressed in a white flannel cloak and black cowl, with white stockings and wooden shoes, came to do the honours of the house. Remarking that my shoes were wet and dirty, he begged me to change them, at the same time regretting that dinner was over. As, however, they supped early (at five o'clock), perhaps I would then like to take a glass of wine or beer to refresh myself. He was a nice gentleman-like old man, of about seventy, with most insinuating manners. We sat down and conversed, the monks having a dispensation to speak in particular parts of the house, whilst shewing hospitality to strangers. While listening earnestly, I started up on a sudden, on perceiving one of those sturdy fellows in the brown cloak making threatening signs behind me, when it was explained to me, that those dressed in the brown cloaks were in general noviciates, and expressly commanded not to speak. I requested to see the establishment, when I was first led into the study, where I found a number of stout-looking fellows, busy with books in their hands, but not speaking a word: with the exception of one young man, who seemed tired of the discipline, no one raised his eye to see who entered. From this I went to the chapel, which is a very simple building. Here not a word is allowed to be spoken. My guide remained a long time before the altar, apparently in prayer. We then ascended to the dormitory, which consists of a very long and narrow hall, with sleeping boxes on either side, each having a name on it, which must be assumed from the Scriptures, or the History of the Crusades. There were beds here for 180 Trappists, of whom upwards of forty were English. The bedstead consists of the plainest deal wood, the mattress, a very narrow coarse blanket, a straw pillow, very low, and over all a slight canvass coverlet. I should suspect they sleep in their clothes. We are led to suppose that Trappists have once been gentlemen: but from the absolute dirt which they allow to be around them, I think they never can have been accustomed to cleanliness. The beds in the hospital are supplied with mattresses; but it has long been a matter of wonder how seldom a Trappist is sick. The dining-room is a handsome hall, with many printed remarks on the walls, satisfactorily proving that an empty stomach is better than a full one, that water is preferable to wine, and a great deal of such nonsense. In this hall there were three long narrow tables, without table-cloths. To each monk was placed a brown jug of water, a large plate of cold milk *brosse*, a bit of dark brown bread, and a spoonful of treacle on a small-sized pewter plate. I admired the kitchen, which was neat and clean, and my appetite was excited at seeing a sturdy monk making what was in Scotland a favourite dish with boys, I mean a pot of rumbled potatoes. He looked as if he had been accustomed both to make and eat it. Breaking through the rules of silence, I plumply said, 'I am you are from Ayrshire?' I believe I was right, although I confess I could not understand his signs. From the kitchen I went to the laboratory, where four monks were at work, under the direction of a very gentleman-like Englishman, who told me they prepared the greater part of the

medicines for the neighbouring peasantry. This gentleman pretended not to care about what was going on in the world, or to be the least interested in politics, although he contrived to get a good deal out of me. I found he had been at Greenock when the United Kingdom steamer was launched; and had made the passage with her north about to Leith. He said he felt certain that the Trappists were pitied, and thought to be in a state of misery by the English, but that was quite a mistake, as 'where the mind is quiet there is happiness.' The brewery was in excellent order, and the beer good, which they sell to the neighbourhood. The smith's and wright's shops were well supplied with English tools, and most of the workmen English and Irish. The printing-office, the tannery, the bakery, all seemed well managed. Not a word was to be heard in any of these establishments, but all signs. An English gentleman lately presented the monastery with a very valuable threshing machine. The dairy is in trim order, and no where have I seen a cow-house so well laid out. The cows are mostly from Normandy. The farm attached to the monastery consists of about one hundred and fifty acres, and seems to be well managed. The soil is not of the best, being wet and clayey; but they have paid particular attention to the draining and manuring of the land. Some of the fields you see covered with large hillocks of earth. Old firewood and weeds compose the interior of these hillocks; they are then set fire to and allowed to burn slowly. In the course of a few days the hillocks become quite black, and the deposit is scattered over the field. I was informed this is the best method of destroying weeds. They likewise allow the land to lie long fallow. The manure, which they use both for the garden and the fields, consists mostly of heather. After some weeks of dry weather, the heather is cut and brought to the farm, and there built up in ricks. With this they bed the cows for two nights, when it is scattered over the farm-yard, in which there are plenty of pigs and young cattle. A little of the straw, which has been used in the stable and which had begun to decay, is then sprinkled over the heather; the decomposition then commences, which is further increased by a simple method of irrigation from all the sluices and outlets of the stables and cow-houses. This manure is found to produce very heavy crops, while it costs little or nothing. The proof of its being beneficial to the ground may be gleaned from the fact, that all the neighbouring farmers, who laughed at it at first, now use it. There are very large gardens and orchards attached to the monastery; the gardens being managed by two Jersey men, who likewise superintend the orchards, and the manufacture and sale of cider. After having seen every thing, I sat down at five o'clock to supper, consisting of excellent onion soup, a very good omelette, and nicely-baked small rice puddings, apples, pears, bread, butter, and as good cheese as I ever tasted. We had good cider and excellent beer, but the white wine was execrable: the kindness, and apparent hearty welcome, made all taste well. There were five other intruders, like myself, supping gratis. At seven o'clock we rose from the table to be conducted to our bed-rooms. I was conducted to the chamber which I understood was generally reserved for the bishop when he visited the monastery. The walls were covered with religious prints; the furniture was comfortable and good. I had two wax candles, a blazing fire, and an excellent bed. I slept soundly till

* Have our readers heard aught of a very extraordinary individual now on a professional visit to London, of the name of Gardner? Among his other remarkable lessons for the benefit of mankind, he suggests a very simple remedy for thirst, which is in the power of every body, without apparatus, accidental circumstance, or trouble. But his grand ponence is one by which sleep may be wooed and won by the most restless and disturbed. It is too important a subject, however, to be discussed in a note; and we only mention it to say, that the secret has been communicated to us (under the usual stipulations), and that we have every reason to believe that it will be very generally efficacious. We abstain from more till further trial enables us to speak positively of so easy, and yet so blessed, a boon: for if, as Sancho says, "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep, it covers us all over like a mantle;" what shall we say of the man who instructs us how to pull on this delightful cloak at all times, whenever we please!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

awakened by the tolling of the bells for prayers, at two in the morning. The singing sounded to my ears solemn and sweet. At five o'clock, one of the noviciates entered to light the fire, and brush my clothes and shoes. At seven o'clock I found the same party assembled in the saloon, when we sat down to an excellent breakfast of tea, coffee, milk prepared in different ways, bread, newly churned butter, and fresh eggs. This is given as a 'make believe' gratis; but it has been so long the custom, that it is now expected that you leave something for the monks to give away in charity. I suspect, from the bows and thanks I got, that I was considered liberal in giving five francs; as a French *émigré* baron, who had been in the English service at a guinea per day (although he had been living in the monastery for a week), only gave three francs. Although I felt pity, or rather contempt, for so many men entering voluntarily into such a life of idleness and niggardly misery, still their solemn countenances, their music, and the absolute stillness (with the exception of the clattering of the wooden shoes in the long passage), produced a deep feeling of thoughtfulness on my mind, which no exertion could throw off. I quickly desired to quit this house of misery, where each countenance expressed sorrow for crimes committed, or losses sustained. I took a different path through the forest; and, after having been obliged to halt in order to shew my passport seven times in twelve miles, I got to *Nort* on board the steam-boat, and reached Nantes late that evening."

We conclude this part of our notice with one brief extract more—a sample of travelling chances.

"I arrived late at the village of Corps, situated at the bottom of a mountain, but still having the view of a deep valley below it. Here I entered an inn, where every thing appeared most miserable, but still they had a *chef*. The dinner placed before me was a stew of chamois, and a dish of newly fledged sparrows, which looked so disgusting that they destroyed my appetite. On wishing to pay my bill early the next morning, I could not, as I found all the people of the house were gone to confession. On their return, I asked the landlady for my bill, who, after some consideration, said, thirteen francs. Knowing she had only charged two and a half francs to my fellow-traveller, I was very angry, and asked her if she was not ashamed to cheat so soon after confession? but I saw she was opening a new confession account with me: I therefore threatened to go to the mayor. This had the desired effect; she thanked me for three francs, and we parted."

Entering now upon the Portuguese war, we have merely to state, that after some droll negotiations with Sir J. Milley Doyle, which Colonel Shaw denominates as a chimera, he embarked for the Azores, and joined Don Pedro at Terceira. Thence he went on the expedition to Oporto, and shared in all the dangers, the honours, and the want of reward, incident to that adventurous struggle. Still the spirit was strong; and our author next accompanied the English legion to Spain, and, in the ensuing difficulties and dangers, he may truly say, "quorum pars magna fui." It is not, however, much in our province to go into the particulars; and we shall only notice, that at first he was a little deceived as to rank; that he speaks of General Evans as a brave soldier, but considers him one not fitted, by his previous regular service, for the desultory and anomalous warfare in which he now engaged; and that he draws a dreadful picture of the

sufferings of the men embarked in this distressing enterprise. We shall close with some extracts relative to their discipline and miseries.

"There was here a detachment of the 4th regiment, in beautiful order, from the exertions of a most intelligent officer, Major Abthorpe, of the East India Company's service. The officers who went to Bilbao said the men were getting on excellently; but neither they nor I approved of men in some regiments being liable to be punished at the discretion of a subaltern officer, which power was of course much abused, as many of the subalterns had less idea of soldiering than the men they punished. Still, with all these defects, I am inclined to think, prompt punishment by the provost prevents much great crime; the only objection to it is, that if you once begin the system, there is a difficulty of keeping it within bounds.

"The whole of the Spanish troops left this under Espartero, to make some movement, as was supposed. The chapelgories were quartered in some villages about a league distant. They were called out and formed, they supposing for a fight, all happy and pleased. As soon as they were formed, the Spaniards surrounded them with artillery, cavalry, and infantry; and the regiment, which consists of about 1000, were in some sense decimated, ten men being marched to the front, and there shot and left. The reason of this detestable cruelty was, that a chapel had been pillaged, and the report was made to Espartero that it had been done by soldiers with red trousers. An inquiry was instituted, but the guilty could not be found, so he resorted to decimation; and as ill-luck would have it, with the exception of two, the sufferers were the best characters in the regiment."

At last these horrors became jokes.

"I must tell you I get famous fun with the Irishmen. When flogging the thief before sending him over to the Carlists, one of the Cork boys, the 10th, said to another, 'I say, Pat, do you think they will give him his arrears before they send him away?' 'By the powers! what a question! don't you see they are now giving him his back pay?' Some of them, in marching home through the clay-fields, had a great quantity sticking to their shoes. They knew me in Portugal; so the joke passed quickly about their now getting the Portuguese contract fulfilled, about having a certain quantity of landed property."

Alas! alas! for our countrymen, fighting as mercenaries in quarrels not their own—not their country's: look at their fate.

"The Legion marched out at twelve o'clock. The hospitals at this time were choke-full, four or five in a bed; discharging none, except to their graves (about fifteen or twenty daily); and having, exclusive of those in hospital (twelve hundred), a dépôt of convalescents of nearly eight hundred. To this dépôt I bent my steps, seeing numbers of officers in the streets. I fell in all the men who could stand, taking a Portuguese surgeon with me; and in less than one hour had turned out upwards of three hundred stout fellows, by means of words and the flat side of my sabre. I ordered them to march next morning to join their regiments. They were very knowing, only two hundred and fifty getting ready; all the officers, except two, having disappeared. I was resolved not to be beaten. I stopped all officers' rations who did not make their appearance. This brought two or three to light; and next morning I managed to march them away with one hundred and fifty more men. Still, no more

officers presented themselves. I then stopped the rations of the servants, as well as of the masters, and on the second day brought upwards of twenty to light. In less than five days I sent upwards of five hundred men to join their regiments. The hospitals were very bad, but this convalescent dépôt was terrible. I believe no officer had gone through it; and no wonder, as the filth was shocking. All were lying huddled together on the bare stones of a convent, without windows, and no blankets. I entered where there were a lot of Scotch. I said, 'Boy, what's the matter wi' you?' 'An awfu' sair head.' Another, 'Unco sair tae', i. e. death! 'And what is the matter wi' you?' 'Oh, he is dead, and so is the man near him; and sure enough there were three poor devils all dead, with their mouths close together, to keep each other warm. I picked up in this way about twelve dead, or in the act of dying. Entering a small room in a corner, I was nearly knocked down by the effluvia. Here nine men had been for four days without any surgeon to look after them. I suppose they are now all dead. I proceeded to another dark room, and there seventeen men had been for forty-eight hours abandoned, all suffering from severe dysentery. How to remedy this was difficult, as I was told there were no blankets, nor sheets, nor beds, to send to the hospital. You will not believe it, but I set to work, and in two days obtained about six hundred blankets and nine hundred pair of sheets. I then employed the whole of the 8th regiment in removing people to the hospital and burying, and thus had a beginning. The scarcity of medicines was dreadful; but, with the active and willing assistance of Alcock, and the Portuguese medical gentlemen, it is quite wonderful what has been accomplished. The hospitals are now tolerably comfortable; and I managed so that the convalescents have a comfortable breakfast and dinner. All are getting better; but there must be still nine hundred on the list. About two-thirds of the medical men have died, and a great many officers. Poor Cadogan and Codd, who were with me, are in their graves; and at this very moment the funeral of Captain Montgomery (a friend of Hodges') is passing my window."

We have nothing to do with the intrigues described by Colonel Shaw—General Evans's ineffectual efforts to surmount the difficulties which envied him—the treason of Cordova—the jealousy of Espartero—the backbitings of his own officers—the disputes about sending intelligence to the *Courier* newspaper, of which Colonel Shaw was falsely accused. Suffice it to say, that the accounts of the actions fought, and all the doings of the combatants, are full of interest; and that our author, finding it impossible to effect any actual good, finally resigned, and is now, we hope, contentedly and happily settled at home among his numerous affectionate relations and warm friends.

The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life. By T. Noon Talfourd, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1837. Moxon. On July 10th, 1830, so exactly seven years ago, it was our lot to notice (*Literary Gazette*, No. 703) a publication of Mr. Lamb's, entitled, "Album Verses, with a few others," in a manner which provoked the animadversions of some, and the scurrility of others, of his friends and satellites. We thought these effusions unworthy of publicity, if not of the writer; and to that opinion, even after the lapse of time to which we have alluded, and the occurrence of circumstances which would

disarm criticism of all severity, a sense of truth and justice compels us to adhere. To what the respected editor of this work says on the subject we shall advert by and by; but, meanwhile, have to observe, that we waited for no event to cause us to pay the tribute of our applause to Mr. Lamb, and to bury in oblivion what we originally and always despised, the miserable personalities which were levelled against the *Literary Gazette*, for an honest expression of its sentiments in regard to these "Album Verses." In July 1831 (No. 758, p. 489), unaffected by such impertinences, we spoke in high terms of commendation of the "*Tales from Shakespeare*," "the design being as excellent as the execution is graceful;" and, in March 1833 (No. 841, p. 130), "*The Last Essays of Elia*" met with an equally cordial reception from us.* And when Nature had demanded and received her last great debt from this "amiable man and gentle poet," we, though not with the particularity of his intimate friends, nor, perhaps, with quite so exalted an estimate of his productions, inscribed our record of sympathy, admiration, and regret, upon the stone which we placed upon his cairn.—(*Lit. Gaz.* No. 937, p. 12, Jan. 3, 1835.)

Having troubled our readers with this brief retrospect, we do not think it worth while to revive the wretched attempts at wit and satire which appeared in the "*Times*" and the

* Our introductory words were, "We could as soon criticise a happy child in a summer-garden, now snatching a flower, now in glad pursuit of a many-coloured butterfly, now approaching a tree of ripe red fruit with a somewhat more reverent air; or, wearied with sunshine and sport, sitting down in a shady nook, thinking and feeling unconsciously 'heaven is about us in our infancy,' and shaping, in that sweet silence,

'Some little plan or chart,
Some fragment in his dream of human life.'

We could as soon criticise the look or motion of the child, as these pages. We have but one feeling, and that is affection. They come appraised with memory's most touching graces, and stir up within the heart all that it ever knew of good and kind. All have had their unworldly moments; and the great charm of this work is, that such are recalled, as if we had never seen

'Them die away,
And fade into the light of common day.'

A perpetual chime is kept up, musical with human sympathies. We feel as talking to an old familiar friend, with whom we had so much in common, that the one could recall no impression that brought not back something to the mind of the other; something, too, fresher and dearer than belongs to daily life; something treasured chiefly because it happened long ago. Let any one read 'Blakesmoor, in H-shire,' 'Poor Relations,' 'Captain Jackson,' 'The Superannuated Man,' 'Old China,' and not find the fountain of tears, hidden even in the most worldly natures, troubled as by an angel, but with a healing and purifying influence; such a reader must have something so dry in his temper, so little love of literature in his taste, that we feel our reproaches would be thrown away—and we hate throwing away any thing. We have been accused of harshness, not to say injustice, in our estimate of a former work of Mr. Lamb's. To the charge of a bias, we will only reply by two lines of Dryden's—

'For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best actions on bye ends are built.'

Those ready to ascribe the personal motive usually take the hint from themselves. As a question of taste, we still adhere to our original opinion. Never more than in these *Essays* is the distinction shewn between simplicity and puerility; they are always simple, but never silly. The reader never smiles but when *Elia* (we cannot use the formal phrase, the author) intends he should smile. His own *Essays* are his own severest criticism. But such considerations are to poets what your pebble-polishers are to geologists. They go picking up odd-looking stones along the beach; they get a machine, and polish with all their might and main; the work is accomplished, and there is material for a very pretty brochure, or a most charming pair of sleeve-buttons. Very innocent employment, we are ready to admit; but where is the power and the beauty of the science that could measure the depths, and calculate the old age of the earth? Verily gone, we know not whither. Now, writers who deal in pretty affectations and conceits, brought from such a distance that it is a marvel they were not lost upon the road, and little dictionary delicacies—may they not be called the pebble-pickers of poetry? But to return to this delightful volume, which shall be bound in green, fresh, glad, hopeful green—we were going to have said gold, but that is too costly for the daily wear and tear which is its future destiny.

"Examiner" on the occasion to which Mr. Talfourd thus refers.

"In 1830, a small volume of poems, the gleanings of some years, during which Lamb had devoted himself to prose, under his name of 'Elia,' was published by Mr. Moxon, under the title of 'Album Verses,' and which Lamb, in token of his strong regard, dedicated to the publisher. An unfavourable review of them in the *Literary Gazette* produced some verses from Southey, which were inserted in the '*Times*,' and of which the following, as evincing his unchanged friendship, may not unfitly be inserted here. The residue, being more severe on Lamb's critics than Lamb himself would have wished, may now be spared."

"Severe!"—"more severe!"—surely the worthy and gifted writer could not have seen the trash to which he has applied such epithet. Nothing ever so perfectly illustrated Peter Pindar's poem, in which the lines are found,

"Meaning, indeed, by this severity,
His name would live to all posterity;"

but the first line of the preceding couplet concludes with the word "*inferiors*;" and nearly the whole of the dirty would-be squibs and epigrams, which issued from the scribbling clique alluded to, rung the changes on Peter Pindar's filthy idea expressed in the corresponding rhyme.

But we turn from such poor and paltry matters to the grateful task of walking along with Mr. Talfourd through these pleasant pages. If Lamb was, during his life, dear to his friends and companions, loved by all who knew him, his very weaknesses creating a degree of regard and interest which might have been denied to a firmer character; we are convinced that these volumes must extend the feeling (alas, the posthumous feeling) over every class of the community. His affections were so strong and natural; his imperfections so venial, harmless, and undisguised; his heart so kind and warm; his friendships so steady; his resentments so slight; his whole temperament and course of life so uniformly mild and pure, that it is impossible to see these fine qualities exhibited as they are in his correspondence, and judiciously pointed out by the editor, without imbibing a considerable portion of that love which was devoted to him by his living intimates. With most of these it has been our good fortune to share many a happy hour, and interchange many a friendly office—several of the most popular of them have commenced their literary career in this journal; and though we could neither, on that account, think nor speak as well of their failures as of their successful efforts (and every author fails now and then), nor force up our admiration to the pitch required in respect of others, their associates, and fellow-labourers, still, consistently with our public duty, we ever exercised towards them all forbearance when error, and encouragement when merit, prevailed.

Be to thy faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues ever kind,

is a fair canon of criticism between reviewers and authors; and we think it is no bad improvement of the system, if the former would be at the pains of judging every work upon its own merits, without reference to past offences, extraneous prejudices, or private motives.

Lamb's biography being fervently sketched by Talfourd, we proceed from his own beginning, Feb. 18, 1775, to the beginning of his correspondence with Coleridge in 1796. Of the first we may remark, that it possesses the eloquence of the learned writer—eloquence al-

most too glowing for the style of personal memoir. *Et. gr.:*—

"Lamb saw his schoolfellows of his own standing depart, one after another, for the university without a murmur. This acquiescence in his different fortune must have been a hard trial for the sweetness of his disposition; as he always, in after life, regarded the ancient seats of learning with the fondness of one who had been hardly divorced from them. He delighted, when other duties did not hinder, to pass his vacations in their neighbourhood, and indulge in that fancied association with them which he has so beautifully mirrored in his 'Sonnet written at Cambridge.' What worldly success can, indeed, ever compensate for the want of timely nurture beneath the shade of one of these venerable institutions—for the sense of antiquity shading, not checking, the joyous impulses of opening manhood—for the refinement and the grace there interfused into the long labour of ambitious study—for young friendships consecrated by the associations of long past time; and for liberal emulation, crowned by successes, restrained from ungenerous and selfish pride, by palpable symbols of the genius and the learning of ages? * * *

"The warmth of Coleridge's friendship supplied the quickening impulse to Lamb's genius; but the germ enfolded all its nice peculiarities lay ready for the influence, and expanded into forms and hues of its own. Lamb's earliest poetry was not a faint reflection of Coleridge's, such as the young lustre of original genius may cast on a polished and sensitive mind, to glow and tremble for a season, but was streaked with delicate, yet distinct traits, which proved it an emanation from within. There was, indeed, little resemblance between the two, except in the affection which they bore towards each other. Coleridge's mind, not laden as yet with the spoils of all systems, and of all times, glowed with the ardour of uncontrollable purpose, and thirsted for glorious achievement and universal knowledge. The imagination, which afterwards struggled gloriously, but perhaps vainly, to overmaster the stupendous clouds of German philosophies, breaking them into huge masses, and tinting them with heavenly hues, then shone through the simple articles of Unitarian faith, the graceful architecture of Hartley's theory, and the well-compact chain by which Priestley and Edwards seemed to bind all things in necessary connexion, as through transparencies of thought; and, finding no opposition worthy of its activity in this poor foreground of the mind, opened for itself a bright succession of fairy visions, which it sought to realise on earth. In its light, oppression and force seemed to vanish like the phantoms of a feverish dream; mankind were disposed in the picturesque groups of universal brotherhood; and, in far distance, the ladder which Jacob saw in solemn vision connected earth with heaven, 'and the angels of God were ascending and descending upon it.' Lamb had no sympathy with these radiant hopes, except as they were part of his friend. He clung to the realities of life; to things nearest to him, which the force of habit had made dear; and caught tremblingly hold of the past."

Lamb's affectionate disposition was particularly evinced in his ardent attachment to his parents and sister. Nothing can be more touching than the following, at the death of his mother:—

"I am (he says) wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them

should I choose? not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come, there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

Pursuing our miscellaneous track, we come to Lamb's criticism on the "Farmer's Boy."

"You ask me about the 'Farmer's Boy,' don't you think the fellow who wrote it (who is a shoemaker) has a poor mind? Don't you find he is always silly about poor Giles, and those object kind of phrases which mark a man that looks up to wealth? None of Burns's poet dignity. What do you think? I have just opened him; but he makes me sick."

Lamb was a citizen, almost a cockney, an inspired cockney, if you please, and saw rural nature chiefly through the reflected images of our old writers. Bloomfield could have no charms for him, and he, consequently, underrated him as much as he was over-rated by Capel Lofft and others. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus paints himself:—

"I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang any where; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes? My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books,) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge), wherever I have moved,—old chairs, old tables,

streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses—have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy me; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men, in this great city."

We will now give his sentiments respecting an author of another kind, which, at the same time, shew his indifference to party politics.

"I am reading 'Burnet's own Times.' Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when 'his old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the momentum to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto-relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far from me. To quit this tiresome subject, and to relieve you from two or three dismal yawns, which I hear in spirit, I here conclude."

Of early education we copy Lamb's ideas:—

"Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge, insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the shape of knowledge, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like: instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history! Hang them! —I mean the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child."

[To be continued.]

Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. IV.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

THE opening of the chest in Edinburgh Castle, in which the Scottish regalia had been deposited from the Union, seems strongly to have interested Scott; and there is one portion of the description of it, the touching simplicity of which has affected us deeply. It relates to his eldest daughter, whose recent loss is deplored by all who knew her. On the day after the solemn opening of the chest, "Scott, and several of his brother commissioners, revisited the castle, accompanied by some of the ladies of their families. His daughter tells me that her father's conversation had worked her feelings up to such a pitch, that when the lid was again removed she nearly fainted, and drew back from the circle. As she was retiring, she was startled by his voice exclaiming, in a tone of the deepest emotion, 'something between anger and despair,' as she expresses it,—'By G—, no!' One of the commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded this business, had, it seems, made a sort of motion as if he meant to put the crown on the head of one of the young ladies near him, but the voice and aspect of the poet were more than sufficient to make the worthy gentleman understand his error; and, respecting the enthusiasm with which he had not been taught to sympathise, he laid down the ancient diadem with an air of painful embarrassment. Scott whispered 'pray, forgive me;' and, turning round at the moment, observed his daughter deadly pale, and leaning by the door. He immediately drew her out of the room, and when the air had somewhat recovered her, walked with her across the Mound to Castle Street. 'He never spoke all the way home,' she says, 'but every now and then I felt his arm tremble; and from that time I fancied he began to treat me more like a woman than a child. I thought he liked me better, too, than he had ever done before.'"

Our next brief extracts relate to a singular story of superstitious import. April 30, Scott writes from Selkirk—

"The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awaked by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timorous, so up got I, with Beattie's broadsword under my arm,

'So bold upright,
And ready to fight.'

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance. However, I went to bed, grumbling against Tenterden Street and all its works. If there was no entrance but the key-hole, I should warrant myself against the ghosts. We have a set of idle fellows called workmen about us, which is a better way of accounting for nocturnal noises than any that is to be found in Baxter or Glanville."

Now comes the context.

"On the morning that Mr. Terry received the foregoing letter in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him; and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the 'mysterious'

disturbance' here described, and sallied from his chamber with old Beadie's Killiecrankie claymore in his hand. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of what had happened in Tenterden Street, made a much stronger impression on his mind than might be gathered from the tone of an ensuing communication."

A month later, Scott again writes to Terry:—"Counsellor Erskine is returned, much pleased with your hospitality, and giving an excellent account of you. Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you, the noise resembled half-a-dozen men, hard at work, putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Aubrey's collection. In the mean time, you may set it down with poor Dubisson's warnings, as a remarkable coincidence, coming under your own observation."

About this portion of his work, Mr. Lockhart gives us a charming and interesting sketch of Scott's domestic life and habits; which we need hardly recommend to attention. We can only find room for a few lines:—

"Breakfast was his chief meal. Before that came, he had gone through the severest part of his day's work, and he then set to with the zeal of Crabbe's Squire Tovell—

'And laid at once a pound upon his plate.'

No foxhunter ever prepared himself for the field by more substantial appliances. His table was always provided, in addition to the usually plentiful delicacies of a Scotch breakfast, with some solid article, on which he did most lusty execution—a round of beef, a pasty, such as made Gil Blas' eyes water, or, most welcome of all, a cold sheep's head; the charms of which primitive dainty he has so gallantly defended against the disparaging sneers of Dr. Johnson and his bear-leader. A huge brown loaf flanked his elbow, and it was placed upon a broad wooden trencher, that he might cut and come again with the bolder knife. Often did the Clerks' coach, commonly called among themselves 'the Lively,' which trundled round every morning to pick up the brotherhood, and then deposited them, at the proper minute, in the Parliament Close; often did this lumbering hackney arrive at his door before he had fully appeased what Homer calls 'the sacred rage of hunger'; and vociferous was the merriment of the learned *uncles*, when the surprised poet swung forth to join them, with an extemporised sandwich, that looked like a ploughman's luncheon, in his hand. But this robust supply would have served him, in fact, for the day. He never tasted any thing more before dinner; and at dinner he ate almost as sparingly as Squire Tovell's niece from the boarding-school—

'Who cut the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And marvelled much to see the creatures dine.'

The only dishes he was at all fond of were the old-fashioned ones, to which he had been accustomed in the days of Saunders Fairford; and which really are excellent dishes—such, in truth, as Scotland borrowed from France, before Catherine de Medicis brought in her Italian *virtuosi* to revolutionise the kitchen like the court. Of most of these, I believe, he has, in the course of his novels, found some opportunity to record his esteem. But, above all, who can forget that his King Jamie, amidst the splendours of Whitehall, thinks himself an ill-used monarch unless his first course in-

cludes *cockyleekie*? It is a fact, which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organisation, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was hardly more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an over-kept haunch of venison; and neither, by the nose nor the palate, could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from sherry; nay, an oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*—when he remembered the circumstance some time afterwards, and called for a bottle, to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the binn as *sherry*. Port he considered as physis; he never, willingly, swallowed more than one glass of it, and was sure to anathematise a second, if offered, by repeating John Home's epigram—

'Bold and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
Let him drink port, the English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.'

In truth, he liked no wines, except sparkling champagne and claret; but even as to this last he was no connoisseur; and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince. He rarely took any other potation when quite alone with his family; but at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards. I should not omit, however, that his Bourdeaux was uniformly preceded by a small libation of the genuine mountain dew, which he poured with his own hand, *more majorum*, for each guest—making use, for the purpose, of such a multifarious collection of ancient Highland *quaghs* (little cups of curiously dove-tailed wood, inlaid with silver), as no Lowland side-board but his was ever equipped with; but commonly reserving for himself one that was peculiarly precious in his eyes, as having travelled from Edinburgh to Derby, in the canteen of Prince Charlie. This relic had been presented to 'the wandering Ascanius' by some very careful follower, for its bottom is of glass, that he who quaffed might keep his eye to the while upon the dirk-hand of his companion."

Whilst writing "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe," Scott was suffering agonies from the cramp.

"His amanuenses were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne; of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen; and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption, and, though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas, good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—"Gude keep us a!—the like o' that!—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" and so forth—which did not promote despatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well

as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." John Ballantyne told me, that after the first day he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter; he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of "The Legend of Montrose," and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe." Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing every thing with his own hand."

"The Bride of Lammermoor," and the 'Legend of Montrose,' would have been read with indulgence had they needed it; for the painful circumstances under which they must have been produced, were known wherever an English newspaper made its way; but I believe that, except in numerous typical errors, which sprang, of necessity, from the author's inability to correct any proof-sheets, no one ever affected to perceive in either tale the slightest symptom of his malady. Dugald Dalgety was placed, by acclamation, in the same rank with Baillie Jarvie; a conception equally new, just, and humorous, and worked out in all the details, as if it had formed the luxurious entertainment of a chair as easy as was ever shaken by Rabelais; and though the character of Montrose himself seemed hardly to have been treated so fully as the subject merited, the accustomed rapidity of the novelist's execution would have been enough to account for any such defect. Of Caleb Balderston—the hero of one of the many ludicrous delineations which he owed to the late Lord Haddington, a man of rare pleasantry, and one of the best tellers of old Scotch stories that I ever heard—I cannot say that the general opinion was then, nor do I believe it ever since has been, very favourable. It was pronounced at the time, by more than one critic, a mere caricature; and, though Scott himself would never, in after days, admit this censure to be just, he allowed that 'he might have sprinkled rather too much parsley over his chicken.' But even that blemish, for I grant that I think it a serious one, could not disturb the profound interest and pathos of the 'Bride of Lammermoor'—to my fancy, the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned. The reader will be well pleased, however, to have, in place of any critical observations on this work, the following particulars of its composition, from the notes which its printer dictated when stretched on the bed from which he well knew he was never to rise. 'The book,' says James Ballantyne, 'was not only written, but published, before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me, that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained! He did not desire me to understand, nor did I understand, that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the

general facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed; but he literally recollected nothing else: not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor any thing with which he was connected as the writer of the work. 'For a long time,' he said, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However, I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure that you would not have permitted any thing of this sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole, how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole, I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I do not think I ever ventured to lead to the discussion of this singular phenomenon again; but you may depend upon it, that what I have now said is as distinctly reported as if it had been taken down in shorthand at the moment; I should not otherwise have ventured to allude to the matter at all. I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful."

Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain. Part XIV. London, 1837. Colburn.

MR. BURKE proceeds, without diminution of industry or spirit, with this interesting work. The present No. contains much curious matter, from which we offer a quotation, touching the celebrated Edward Burton, who suffered much persecution during the reign of Queen Mary. The following quaint narrative is given by Mr. Burke, and was written more than two centuries since by one of the family:—

"Edward Burton, Esq., a religious assenter of the Gospel in Queen Marie's time, was one day sitting alone in his upper parlour at Longner, in meditation, no doubt, of God's deliverance of his people, when he heard a general ring of all the bells in Shrewsbury, whereunto, in St. Chadda's parish, his house belonged, and strait his right divining soul told him it was for Queen Marie's death; yet, longing to know the truth more certainly, and loath to trust his servants therein for some reasons, he sent his eldest son, then but a boy of sixteen years of age, willing him to throw up his hat if it were so, so impatient was his expectation, who finding it, and doing accordingly as he was directed, the good man retiring presently from the window and recovering his chair, for extremity of joy which he conceived for the deliverance of the saints of God, he suddenly expired. And this was his *Nunc dimittis, Domine*. But neither was the storm of persecution so quite blown over hereby, but that still some scatterings did fall upon the servants of God, for they suffered some grievances still; among which was their being debarred from Christian interment in churches. But, *facilis jacitura sepulchri*. His friends made a shift to bury him in his garden by the fish ponds, and set a monument over him; which, being defaced by time and rain, it happened—in the year MDCXIV. that Edward Burton, Esq., his grandson, inviting to dinner the noble Sir Andrew Corbet, then lieutenant of the shire, with divers other gentlemen of quality—that the good baronet, desirous to see

the place which preserved the reliques and memory of that excellent man, as good men are still inquisitive after them whose virtues they honour; but finding it much decayed by the weather, after a friendly correction of his host, and serious injunction to repair the tomb, whereby the memory of his most deserving grandfather was kept alive, he, without any ado, effected what he spake for, and promised himself to become the poet for an epitaph, which he accordingly wrote."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Standard Novels, No. LVIII: Trevelyan. (London, R. Bentley).—*Trevelyan* is a justly popular novel, and must be welcome again in its well-deserved place in this pleasant series, which embodies so many of our best works of fiction.

A System of Teaching Congregations to sing from Notes. E. Merriott. (London, D'Almaine and Co.).—A lesson-book of twenty pages, with clear and simple instructions. On the Antidotal Treatment of Epidemic Cholera, &c. by J. Parkin. Pp. 112. (London, Higley).—Carbonic Acid is the specific recommended in this treatise; and strong arguments, as well as practical results, are brought forward in support of its efficacy.

Larcher's Cabinet Cyclopædia, XCII. Vol. II. of Swainson's Natural History: Birds. (London, Longman and Co.).—Another volume of this excellent scientific production: it treats of the laniidae, merulidae, sylvidae, ampelidae, muscipidae, conirostres, scansores, tenuirostres, falcirostri, gnatrostri, and notores; and treats of each in the most lucid manner.

The Interrogator; or, Universal Ancient History, in Questions and Answers, by a Lady. Pp. 343. (London, Hatchard).—A very well-constructed and useful book for young students.

Transactions of the Philosophical and Literary Society of Leeds, Vol. I. Part I. (London, Longman and Co.; Leeds, Knight).—These papers, read before the Society, do credit to the inquiring spirit and talents of the Leeds society. The subjects are, the Bed of the Mississippi, by the late J. Lubbock; the Varieties of Water, by W. West; the Structure of Limestones, by T. Nunnery; Roman Conimoules found near Wakefield, by J. Hey; the Anatomy of Actinea Coriacea and Alcyonella stagnorum, by J. P. Seale; and the Yorkshire Coalfield, by the late E. St. George.

Straford's English Grammar, with Exercises and Key. Fourth edition. (London, Edwards).—Among the many well arranged and useful elementary works for the early instruction of the young, we noticed the first edition of this Grammar with the commendation it deserved; and we are glad to see that its utility has been so well discerned as to lead to a call for four editions, and thus experimentally confirm our judgment.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 26. W. R. Hamilton, Esq. president, in the chair.—Read, extracts from the following papers: 1. A letter from Captain Alexander, in Southern Africa, on his route from Cape Town to Walvisch Bay.

To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

On the Banks of the Kaamop, three days east of the Great Fish River, and about 170 miles north of the Warm Bath, Great Namaqua Land, 18th February, 1837.

Sir,—I had the pleasure of writing to you about a month ago, before I left the Warm Bath, and now, having unexpectedly an opportunity of sending letters to the Cape, by three Namaquas, who brought me here merchandise (shirts, cotton handkerchiefs, brass wire, and buttons), of which I stood in need, I beg to give you a short account of my journey so far, in the direction of Walvisch Bay, &c. I left the Bath on the 18th of January, having waited in vain till then for rain, and for the above-mentioned goods; fortunately, immediately after I left the Bath, I had abundance of thunder-rain, and have had no want of water or grass on my way hitherward. I hear also, that, since I left the Bath, no rain has fallen there, so it was as well that I risked leaving that place. The captain of the Bondelzwart Namaquas (Abram) accompanied me, with sixteen armed men, on pack oxen. On the second day I was joined by the petty chief, Daniel, and three men; which last chief I have engaged to accompany me all the way to Wal-

visch Bay, under the promise of supplying him with powder and lead to shoot elephants on his way back. I have agreed to try to obtain for him, by negotiation, the property of which he had been robbed by Henrick, a petty chief of Abrams, lying fifty miles out of our road. With my wagon and pack oxen I travelled up the Hoom (the river which runs past the Bath), nearly north for six days, and, leaving the wagons on its banks, with a guard of twelve men, I set out with two white men, the two chiefs, and eleven Namaquas, for the cral of the robber Henrick. We travelled fifty miles N.N.E. with horses and oxen, and got among the 'Cards (or rugged) Mountains, a range of various height, from 300 feet to about 2000, flat topped, and composed of clink-stone, principally arranged in horizontal strata. Spring-boks, in large flocks, were seen; many ostriches and zebras; a camelopard, and the *spoor* of a lion; the weather was very hot, both day and night, 95° at mid-day commonly, and 80° at sunrise.

We found Henrick in a rocky glen, very difficult of access; he refused, to his own chief, to deliver up Daniel's property, which he had seized (*viz.* thirty cows and forty goats), because a year before, on a hunting party, Daniel's brother-in-law had accidentally shot Henrick's father. Henrick also prepared his people, before us, to the number of thirty-three, armed with guns, to take Daniel's life, because he could not get that of his brother-in-law; we defied Henrick to take Daniel from us, or to kill him; kept strict watch all night, and brought off Daniel in safety next day. Henrick would not listen to the proposal I made him, of receiving a fine for the life of his father; he and his mother both cried, "Blood for blood!" We rejoined the wagon, and I let Abram leave us with his people, that he might force Henrick to restore Daniel's property, and thus prevent war in the land; for Daniel threatens to raise a commando of the people around, and the Africaners, and go against Henrick. After travelling a degree further north, I arrived at the Kaap River, a branch of the Great Fish River: there we saw a good deal of honey-beer drinking and dancing. We staid for some days at Daniel's cral, and, having been assisted with a span of oxen, came on here to a cral of the great captain's, William Zwaartboij. (The Namaquas adopt Dutch names, *i. e.* those of any note.) Here we have been obliged to fortify ourselves with an abattis of bushes round the tent and wagon, for we heard that Henrick was come with a commando against Daniel's cral again, fifty miles south of us, and that he is likely to attack us too; but we are quite ready for him. However, if Zwaartboij comes first from the Fish River to see us, there will probably be no fight. Before the rain fell on the 16th, the heat was 110°; now it is 80°, and the river is running briskly. I have fallen in with a man here, who was at Walvisch Bay three days ago, and he says, that our route will probably be to Zwaart Morass, 1½ days; to the Fish River, 1½ days; up it, 6 days; to Buffel's Poost (through a field abounding with lions, camelopards, rhinoceroses, &c.), 10 days; to the Koopsis, 3; to the Bay, 8: beyond that, on the Squakop (Somerset?) the Dámarae abound. The other day I bought a fine Dámara Negro (a boy), ten years old, for about 4s.; that is, for two cotton handkerchiefs, and two strings of glass-beads; his mistress was a Namaqua woman. The boy was half starved, and he is now well fed and clothed, and is my shepherd. We see many Dámara slaves among the Namaquas. My medicine chest is in great request;

sometimes I save it by administering doses of bay salt. We have the usual annoyances of heat, dust, very stony roads, if roads we can call them, where no wagons ever passed before; disputes to settle; bargaining for horses, for sheep, and cattle; but we manage to keep a good heart, and, though old gray-beards sometimes try to frighten us, we will try our luck, and go as far as we possibly can; human nature can do no more. I am, &c.

J. E. ALEXANDER.

2. Extracts from a voyage round the world, by Mr. F. D. Bennett, Surgeon and Naturalist, in the years 1833-36. The greater part of this time was spent in the Pacific Ocean, when the vessel touched at Juan Fernandez, Pitcairn's Island, Tahiti, Huheine, Uliten, &c. of the Society Islands; at Macoi of the Sandwich Islands; at Christiana and Roapua of the Marquesas; at Carolina Island, Christmas Island, and at Cape St. Lucas, the southern extreme of California.

"March 7, 1834.

"Daylight," says Mr. Bennett, "disclosed the dark and elevated form of Pitcairn's Island directly ahead; and shortly after noon we effected a landing, at a small and half-concealed cove, known by the name of 'Bounty Bay,' having been the spot of the final destruction of the ship Bounty, whose relics were yet visible on the beach, as iron ballast, nails, shreds of copper, &c. The eastern side of the island, on which the settlement is placed, presents a very picturesque appearance; an amphitheatre rising from the sea, luxuriantly wooded to its summit, and bounded on each side by precipitous cliffs, and naked rocks of rugged and fantastic forms. The simple habitations of the islanders are scattered over this wooded declivity, and half concealed by the abundant verdure. The coast is abrupt, rocky, beaten by a heavy surf, and almost inaccessible: some coral and coral debris are found on the beach of the small coves, but here are no distinct reefs of coral. The population of this small island, only about seven miles in circumference, consisted, at this time, of eighty persons, the majority of whom were children, and, with the exception of three families of English residents, the whole are the offspring of the mutineers of the Bounty. They are a fine and robust people, but far from handsome: they are high-spirited and intelligent, and speak both the English and Tahitian fluently. In intellect and habits, they form an interesting link between the civilised European and unsophisticated Polynesian. Their food is chiefly vegetable; yet swine, goats, poultry, and fish, are not wanting. Water is rather scarce, as the volcanic structure of the island forbids the formation of wells; yet it is not till rain has been wanting for seven or eight months that any scarcity is felt. Disease is rare, and 'Fefe' or Elephantiasis, so prevalent among the Polynesian islands, is here unknown. The injurious effects of the emigration of the islanders to Tahiti, is still evident in the restless state of many among them, and also in their licentious conversation. Yet, they invariably speak well of the treatment they experienced there.

"March 26.

"The island of Raiatea (Ulitea of Cook), situated about eighty miles N.W. of Tahiti, is about forty miles in circumference. It is of mountainous character, and profusely covered with vegetation. Water abounds. Accompanied by some natives, I ascended an extensive range of mountains occupying the centre of the island, extending in a direction nearly north and south, and rising about 2000 feet above the

sea. The summit of the mountain presented a level and extensive plain of bleak aspect, over-spread with swamps, and streams of water running over exposed rocks, of a red colour, and entirely destitute of verdure, with the exception of short grass and mosses; although, but a few feet below, on the less exposed spots, vegetation was lofty and abundant. I was here shewn a remarkable natural excavation, resembling a large well, about thirty-six feet in circumference and forty feet deep. Might it not be a small volcanic crater? It is singular that a stream of water, flowing over the declivity of this elevated mountain, abounds with eels and other fish, several varieties of which I observed sporting in the water."

Sandwich Islands.—"The aspect of Mani is very mountainous, and, near the settlement of Lahaina, several mountains of much grandeur advance within a short distance of the coast, whilst the surface exhibits the strong contrast of luxuriant verdure and volcanic sterility, so common to islands in the Sandwich group. The population of Mani is estimated at 38,000. The natives are intelligent, orderly, healthy, and submissive to the control of the American missionaries, whose influence is great throughout all this group of islands. The settlement of Lahaina contains a neat wooden church, a reading-room for foreign visitors, and a market to regulate the trade between the native and foreign shipping. Numerous South-seamen annually visit this island to refresh; hence the natives are well supplied with European and American manufactures."

Among the donations presented to the Society, was one by Captain Fitzroy, R.N., namely, a very curious Spanish MS., being the Diary of an expedition to, and residence upon, the island of Tahiti, by Maximo Rodriguez, in 1774. This Maximo Rodriguez was a Spanish soldier and interpreter, who accompanied an expedition from Lima to the island of Tahiti; and he, with three other persons, were left upon the island for about thirteen months. Cook, in his voyage, mentions the fact of the Spaniards having visited the island, and heard much from the natives of one "Mateema," the Tahitian pronunciation of the Spanish Maximo; and, in a subsequent passage, he says, "Will any thing ever become known to the world of the proceedings of the Spaniards at this island?" By a very singular coincidence, after a lapse of sixty years, the original diary kept by the said "Mateema" was placed in the hands of a captain in the British navy, at Lima, by Don José Manuel Tirado, presented to him by the daughter of the before-mentioned Rodriguez, who, having heard that Captain Fitzroy, in H. M. S. Beagle, had been employed in surveying the coasts of Chile and Peru, and that he was making inquiry for all MSS. that could be obtained, sent it to him, begging his acceptance of the diary, saying, "that she felt sure it would be better placed in the hands of an Englishman, and more valued in England, than it ever could be as concealed from the world, and uncared for, in her library at Lima."—This being the last meeting for the season, the Society adjourned till November next.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, a letter from the secretary of the Meteorological Society was read. It set forth the importance of electrical phenomena to investigate and explain meteorological effects, exhibited how closely connected were the objects and pursuits of the two Societies, and solicited co-operation. A paper on the agency of electricity in producing various dis-

eases, but more particularly those which are termed epidemic, was read by Mr. Leithead. The author observed, that if we could succeed in tracing those scourges to their cause, we should be the better enabled to apply a remedy; perhaps, even to prevent their recurrence, or, at all events, to mitigate their virulence; enlarged upon the superiority of the satisfaction derived from administering to the comforts, or alleviating the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, over the wide-spread glory of a warrior; and then proceeded to relate the facts upon which the electro-physiological theory is based, to point out the analogies by which similar facts are connected, and how nearly those analogies, confirmed by experiment, are allied to scientific truth. He stated, also, that the medical term "sympathetic action" furnished no explanation of the *modus operandi* of the inductive process of disease; that the explanations which medical authors attempt to give of "sympathetic action," involve a contradiction in terms, and do not remove the difficulties of elucidating the inductive process of disease; and that it is not a little singular, that what has always appeared to constitute the barrier between the phenomena and its explanation, is, on the contrary (by the electro-physiological theory), the very fact which prompts a ready solution. Mr. Leithead concluded by saying, that the very language employed by medical authors, is that which is precisely adapted to signify the mode of action of the electric fluid; and the reason why the unmeaning terms, "nervous influence"—"instinctive remedial process"—"sympathy," and others equally absurd and unphilosophical, have been substituted for ideas, is attributable to the study of electrical science having been neglected in medical education, or, at least, but little attended to.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the monthly meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, twenty individuals were elected. Balance in favour of the Society, on July 1st, 783l. 11s. 8d. Visitors to the gardens and museum, in June, 38,768. Stock at the gardens, 313 mammalia; 711 birds; and 19 reptiles: total, 1043. The following are detached notes on a species of *rattus*, brought under the notice of the Society by Sir James M'Grigor, bart. This animal was originally described by Pennant, as the Indian badger; and by Shaw, under the name of the *Ursus Indicus*; but it has been almost neglected by systematic writers; for, though alluded to by Pennant, it is in so short, vague, and unsatisfactory a manner, that it is impossible to form a distinct notion of it; and Shaw only copied the few words of Pennant which relate to it. Even, in the most cursory manner, to examine this animal, is impossible, without coming to the conclusion that it is wonderfully adapted for making its way beneath the surface of the earth. The powerful fore-leg, armed with enormous claws; the coniform head; the face deprived of hair; the minute and sunken eye; the entire absence of external ear; the strong and muscular neck and shoulder; the comparative diminution of the posterior extremities, whereby the bulk of the hinder parts is lessened; the naked abdomen—all unite to characterise it as a digger. And, in fact, among the population of its native regions, it is said that it seeks its choicest food in the cemeteries; and such is its dexterity in tearing open the graves of the dead, that no tomb is sacred from its attacks. It has, in those parts, obtained the appellation of the *grave-digger*. The generic term of Storr, *melivora*, although

it may suit the African species, is, consequently, peculiarly inappropriate to this. It is a native of the upper provinces of Bengal, where, however, it is said to be rare.

AFRICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

IN our No. 1066, we very hastily noticed the admirable collection of African natural history brought to London by Mr. Smith; and which, we are happy to say, the public will, on Monday, have an opportunity of seeing in yet better order and arrangement.

We have recently availed ourselves of the opportunity of paying a second visit to this interesting exhibition, which, being now arranged preparatory to its opening to the public, appears to much greater advantage than at our first visit. The manner in which the specimens of natural history have been, to use a technical term, set up, reflects great credit on the artist, who, we understand, is a Frenchman, resident at the Cape. Not the least attractive part of the exhibition are the drawings, to the number of some hundreds, with which the walls of the room are decorated; they consist of views of scenery, and illustrations of the manners, superstitions, religious ceremonies, and amusements of the natives, from the able pencil of Mr. C. Bell, of the civil service; and of subjects in natural history, admirably executed, and elaborately finished, by Mr. G. Ford, an artist at the Cape. We sincerely hope that this exhibition, which we have already described as including some specimens perfectly new to the naturalist, may attract the attention it so eminently merits, to the promotion of the laudable objects contemplated by the society to which we owe the importation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JULY 1st. The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn in the chair.—In communicating to the meeting a paper on the authenticity of the Zend and Pehlevi languages, by Mr. Romer, Professor Wilson observed, that Mr. Romer's paper offered some valuable contributions to the elucidation of a subject of great literary importance, and on which the Orientalists of England and the Continent differed widely. All the great names of the Continent argued in favour of the genuineness of the works preserved by the Parsis of India, composed in what these Parsis declared to be the ancient languages of Persia; at least, so far as to their being composed in languages which were once spoken, though not, perhaps, to the extent of believing them to be the genuine compositions of Zoroaster. On the other hand, the Orientalists of England had, almost with one accord, pronounced them to be forgeries of recent times, composed in a heterogeneous jargon made up of various languages, put together without any rules, and never spoken by any nation whatever. Independent of its literary interest, the question seriously affected the character of the Parsis; who, it may be observed, have confessedly, in one instance—that of the Desatir—been guilty of a literary forgery. The Professor remarked, that these works in Zend and Pehlevi were unknown in India until the fifteenth century, when a single copy was said to have been brought from Persia, from which all the existing copies were taken; and it was certainly a suspicious circumstance that no such works were to be found among the Fire-worshippers of Persia, many of whom still remained there. The subject was worthy of investigation, and several of the first-rate continental scholars

were now giving it their earnest attention. Much of the paper by Mr. Romer was not adapted for public reading; it should rather be looked at, and its contents studied. It contained texts from the Zend-Avesta, Yaçna, &c., interlined with Sanscrit and Guzerati, all in Roman characters, for the purpose of more easily instituting a comparison between them. Some extracts, read by Professor Wilson, shewed that the modern Parsis were not at all behind their predecessors in their attempts at mystification, of which some curious examples were given. Sir Charles Forbes stated, that the late Mr. Duncan, governor of Bombay, fully believed in the authenticity of the Desatir; that he had paid much attention to it; and that, if he was not the principal author of the English translation of that work, he, at least, materially assisted Mulla Firouz in its production. Colonel Briggs was inclined to believe in the genuineness of the disputed languages. He founded this opinion, partly on what appeared to him the impossibility of writing works of any length in a forged language; and partly on the denial made by foreign Orientalists, who had carefully studied the remains of the Zend and Pehlevi tongues, to the assertions of their opponents respecting the incongruity and inconsistency of the elements of those tongues. He knew, also, that there were dialects now spoken in parts of Persia quite unintelligible to the people of other districts; and that several words and sentences of these dialects were found to bear a great similitude to the Pehlevi. He was anxious that too strong an opinion should not go forth to the world; that we should not too hastily consider the question to be decided, now that, on the Continent, it was still undergoing much learned investigation. Selections from a translation by Dr. Wilson, president of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, of the general Sirozê of the Parsis, containing curious details of lucky and unlucky days of the month, and of the things which may or may not be done on those days, were also read to the meeting. Colonel Goodfellow, E. R. Power, Esq., J. Ramsay, Esq., and K. Finlay, Esq., were elected resident members of the Society. G. Ashburner, Esq., and Lieut. Eastwick, were elected non-resident members. M. D'Arvezac, of Paris, and Sir T. Renée, were elected corresponding members. The next meeting was announced for the 15th instant.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Marylebone Literary (Dr. A. T. Thomson on Diet); and on the 17th, 8½ P.M.
Tuesday.—Zoological (Science), 8½ P.M.; Architectural (Essay by Mr. B. Ferrey).
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The late J. Constable's Paintings.—A desire having been very generally expressed among the admirers of the works of the late John Constable, that one of his pictures should be made permanently accessible to the public by being purchased and presented to the National Gallery, a meeting was recently held, and, after a careful examination of the works of the deceased artist, now the property of his family, it was unanimously resolved, that a private subscription should be opened for the purpose of effecting the immediate purchase of the landscape called "The Corn Field," for the sum of 300 guineas (that estimate having been sanctioned by the administrators to the estate); and its presentation to the National Gallery; and

a committee was appointed to carry the design into effect. Nearly half the required amount was immediately subscribed: and we rejoice to notice the design, not only as a tribute justly due to the merits of the artist, but as a pattern for imitation hereafter—at once doing honour to our national school, and enriching our national institution.

National Monuments and Fine Arts.—In pursuance of the resolutions carried at the meeting, Freemasons' Hall, on the 29th of May, and reported in the *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Hume, Sir G. Sinclair, Mr. Hope, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Wyse, M.P.'s, and Mr. George Rennie, have had an interview with Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, who assured the deputation of the interest Her Majesty took in the subject, and of their own favourable disposition towards it. This is as it should be. No doubt we shall soon see our great cathedrals, the Tower, and other public places, open to the public; and that will, as it ought to do, lead the way to other improvements in this respect. Give every one an interest in national monuments and fine arts, and the English people will show that they are as worthy to be trusted with their care, as the warmest amateur amongst us.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF PAINTINGS OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

THE following is a letter received at Munich, in which Dr. Ernest Forster gives the particulars of the important discovery of paintings which he has made at Padua:—

Padua, April 8, 1837.—It seems that my stars are auspicious. I have resuscitated what was dead, namely, perfectly restored a totally ruined work of art—for so it seemed to be. In a ruined church, which is used merely as a receptacle for lumber, I had before discovered some remains of good painting. Nothing, however, was left but a couple of heads; all the rest seemed to be scaled or scratched off, or mouldered away; in short, it had all the appearance of a decayed wall, black in some places, gray in others. So I found it in 1826, and again in 1829. I have not been here since till now. In the descriptions of the city, even those of an ancient date, the work is spoken of as entirely ruined. I did not fail to go again; and found the walls, precisely as they were ten years ago, covered with dust; and I got a sponge and water. I wash, and am filled with astonishment at the beauty of the brilliant colouring, the drawing, and the expression. Now I think I must see how much remains of the whole, and wash and wash till a whole figure appears, well preserved, and admirably painted. I have recourse to brushes and whisks of broom, and begin to brush away: the black gradually comes off, but a pale whitish-gray plaster wall appears. I continue to wash very carefully; the coat of dust is gradually detached; and the most beautiful painting is discovered. My delight was great; but it increased more and more. I looked to the principal wall, where the altar once stood. After sweeping, brushing, and washing, I here found a Crucifixion, more beautiful than any I had ever before seen. What I have besides raised from the grave is the history of Saint Lucia, in four large high fresco paintings, which adorn the lower part of the south side of the church. What is on the upper part I do not yet know: the two rows on the opposite side, the wall in which the door is, and the compartment over the Crucifixion, are still hidden by the dirt; in some places my curiosity has already brought out

here and there some admirable figures. The whole of the glorious work is of the year 1480-1490; and I repeat that I have never seen any thing of that age, in Florence, Sienna, or Pisa, to be compared with it. What glowing colours, what depth, what splendour! But how it is painted, I do not know. We, at least, no longer have these colours—this red, this glowing violet, this black; nor do I know any example of such delicacy of colouring, such smoothness in the execution. The interest excited by this discovery is general; but I wish I were not alone: had I but one companion to assist me in unweaving this treasure, that I might take faithful drawings of the whole across the Alps to my own dear native country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Constantinople, made during a Residence in that City, &c. in the Years 1835-6. Arranged and drawn on stone, from the original sketches of Coke Smyth, by John F. Lewis. London, M'Lean.

WE some time ago noticed two specimens which we had seen of the splendid work now lying in a complete state before us. It is well and justly observed in the prospectus of the publisher:—"On Turkey and its capital, offering to the eye of the painter, costumes and scenery as picturesque as any in the world, and habits as characteristic, and manners as peculiar, as ever presented themselves for the illustrations of the pencil, it is astonishing how few and imperfect are the traces in English works of literature and art, while our native school has been advancing and extending itself in every direction, seeking subjects from pole to tropic, in every country and of every people upon whom the sun shines,—it is, indeed, remarkable that it has so long and so much neglected the treasures of the Mussulman empire." The present publication, consisting of twenty-seven lithographic prints, by Mr. Lewis, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Coke Smyth, and forming a volume uniform in style and execution with Mr. Lewis's "Spanish Sketches," goes a great way to supply this deficiency. It exhibits the architecture, character, and habits of the "Ottomites" (as Othello calls them), in the most striking and varied points of view. Of the inhabitants, some of the most remarkable and interesting representations will be found in "The Interior of the Harem," "A Café on the Bosphorus," "Bazaar," "A Captive Greek Girl," "Interior of the Residence of the Pasha of New Orsova," "Interior of the Mosque at Brussa," "Turkish Female," and "Return of Sultan Mahmoud from the Mosque," "Scutari," "The Port of Constantinople," "Fountain of the Gate of Eski (the old), Serai," "Mosques of Yeri Jami and Saint Sophia, from the Golden Horn," "Seraglio Point," "Gate of the Mosque of Saint Sophia," "Artillery Barracks, Tophana," "Great Burial Ground, Pera," "Mosque of Suleymanian," and "Sweet Waters (in Asia)," furnish beautiful specimens of the natural scenery and national architecture.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters. By John Smith. Part VIII. Smith and Son. NICHOLAS POUSSIN, Claude Lorraine, and Jean Baptist Greuze, are the pictorial worthies of whose productions Mr. Smith, with his accustomed knowledge and minuteness of detail, has here given an account, preceded by brief biographical memoirs. A supplementary volume, containing notices of pictures hitherto unavoidably omitted in the catalogue, and some

necessary corrections and observations, will complete this laborious work, so useful to the painter, and still more to the connoisseur of painting.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. From a Drawing, executed, by special command, for H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.; and engraved by F. C. Lewis. Mitchell.

COLD must be his heart who can gaze at this sweet countenance, in which delicacy, spirit, dignity, and modesty, are so happily combined, without praying for many years of uninterrupted health and prosperity to our young and gracious Queen. God bless her!

Sketches in Spain. By George Vivian, Esq. Lithographed by Day and Haghe, and P. Gauci. Colnaghi and Co.

"COMPARISONS are odious," and, therefore, we will not make them in the present instance; but, if we were to do so, they could hardly be disadvantageous to the beautiful publication before us, which consists of four views in Spain, full of spirit and truth. That near Bilbao, and the View of the Pyrenees, are especially admirable. We believe that Mr. Vivian was one of the commissioners appointed by government to select the best plan for the new Houses of Parliament.

Six Views of Kirkstall Abbey. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by W. Nelson. Ackermann and Co.

THERE are few ruins in England more picturesque than Kirkstall Abbey; and we do not recollect to have seen any representations of it more pleasingly executed than these by Mr. Nelson.

H. M. S. Inconstant, lying off Plymouth Dock-yard. Drawn by O. W. Brierly; on Zinc by Day and Haghe. Fry and Son.

LUBBERS as we are, we can easily imagine how fond the officers and crew of so beautiful a craft must be of her; and how much obliged they must feel to Mr. Brierly for this highly pleasing portrait of their favourite.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

THE sun has gone unto his rest: the glowing hue of day [gray:
Is merged into a twilight tint, monotonous and [gray:
The pine-trees wave their giant boughs, and
sway from side to side: [the tide.
Full mournfully they rustle to the murmur of

There are tents upon the grassy field, and tents upon the sea; [waves of the sea:
In long unbroken lines they rise, like white And beside the mouldering watch-fire the sentinel is set, [glittering bayonet.
With his long dark cloak, and purple cap, and The moon is rising lazily—all lazily and slow,
And the stars around her congregate, and twinkle as they go:

Looking down upon the waters, which reflect them as they pass, [upon a glass.
Like the eyes of Spanish maidens looking forth

There is silence on the midnight breeze—a silence which is spread [their bed:
Like a veil above the multitude, a curtain o'er Save now and then, as on the ear there comes a wailing sound— [his round,
'Tis the chapelchuri singing, as he walks upon

An ave to the Virgin, a strain unto his love, A hymn of supplication to the mighty Lord above:

A stirring chaunt of other days, a song of Old Castle; [king Boabdil.

Of the gray-beard Moor Alfaqui, or the false And, hark! the short sharp challenge, the clicking of the lock, [flinty rock:

The steel-shod scabbard clattering against the The pass-word whispered hastily, as round the watch doth sweep; [steep.
And the tread of men departing adown the grassy

The shadows are retreating, they linger as they fly; [they lie:

And yet around the mountain base in canopies A moment do they linger; on the morning may unfold

Her panoply of azure, of crimson, and of gold.

The morn again has broken—a flood of yellow light— [gird them for the fight.
The sleepers wake, and cross themselves, and And the rolling drum and squeaking fife extinguishes the sound

Of the chapelchuri singing as he walks upon his round. H. M.

SONNETS.

It is my birth-day, and I stand alone Upon the mountain top in thoughtful mood; I trace the path that led me through the wood, And o'er the crags, on which the sun then shone. Now shadowing clouds frown on the old gray stone,

On which I rested half-way up the height; And o'er the wood, where spirits seem'd to moan, The sun hath cast a southern summer's light. Such is the past: and so its features change; Reflection sees them vary in their hue: The present is the spot whence now I view The past: the future is above man's range; He can but look upon the clouds above— 'Tis fancy shapes them to whate'er we love.

I stood upon the shore and marked the sea; A sea-bird passed me, bathed in silent tears. 'His mind, methought, stray'd o'er his bygone years,

Chequer'd with infant mirth and rustic glee: And still he gazed towards an aged tree Far up the glen, 'neath which a cottage smiled! Ah! there he first was cherish'd on the knee, There taught to lip and prattle when a child; But now to roam the ocean was his doom. 'Even so (said I) the unprepared die: They look on life, and then on death; and sigh That now no more old joys they may resume. The sea-breeze play'd around me mournfully, A warning voice from dim futurity."

ALPHA.

SKETCHES.

C. LAMB'S OPINIONS OF PUBLISHING.

MR. LAMB appears to have entertained a strong dislike to, or rather abhorrence of, the trade of publishing; and, as it may serve as corollary to some of the opinions in our last, we extract some of his dicta. Talking of his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare," he says:—

"Longman is to print it, and be at all the expense and risk, and I am to share the profits after all deductions, i. e. a year or two hence I must pocket what they please to tell me is due to me. But the book is such as I am glad there should be. It is done out of old plays at the Museum, and out of Dodsley's Collection, &c. It is to have notes."

The next is to our friend Bernard Barton, in 1823, to whom many of the best letters are addressed.

"Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the

chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a spunging-house; all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad; one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drugbery, what he has found them. O, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale, and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. The booksellers hate us. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit (a jeweller or silversmith, for instance), and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in our work the world gives all the credit to us, whom they consider as their journeymen; and, therefore, do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches! * Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star, that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking-office; what! is there not from six to eleven P.M. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O, the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts, that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of the desk, that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen; but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close, but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious."

"Wordsworth, I see, has a good many pieces announced in one of the annuals, not our 'Gem.' W. Scott has distributed himself like a bribe haunch among 'em. Of all the poets, Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of 'em, with gentle, manly, right notions. Don't think I set up for being proud on this point; I like a bit of flattery, tickling my vanity, as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind. Besides, they infallibly cheat you, I mean the booksellers. If I get but a copy, I only expect it from Hood's being my friend. Coleridge has lately been here. He, too, is deep among the prophets, the year-servers,—the mob of gentle-

men annuals. But they'll cheat him, I know. * I have not received the annual, nor the slightest notice from — about omitting four or five of my things. The best thing is never to hear of such a thing as a bookseller again, or to think there are publishers. Second-hand stationers and old book-stalls for me; authorship should be an idea of the past."

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Shadow of the Heart. The Poetry by W. H. Harrison, Esq.; the Music by Adela A. Hammond.

WE are given to understand that the composer of this beautiful air is but sixteen; if so, she is indeed a young lady of the greatest promise, for the composition would do credit to one of sixty—ay, even one who had grown gray among gamuts. There is what Dyer happily calls "the sweet diapason melancholy," sadly, and thrillingly interwoven with the words, which not only chains down the ear to "marble listening," but sinks deeply into the heart, like feelings arising from the remembrance of happy and bygone days. The poetry, too, is of an order such as we seldom meet with in songs of this class. It is exquisitely simple, without being maudlin, and touches the sweet cord of sympathy by the natural emotions which it awakens; for who has not sighed while contemplating the past? We give one stanza:

"The bird sings as sweetly his melody wild,
From the old hazel copse, as when I was a child;
And the sun shines as bright upon blossom and tree,
And the river goes dancing as blithe to the sea.
Whence the change that I feel? not in Nature, I trow,
For she smiles at the mourner, and mocks at his woe,
'Tis my heart! my own heart—which once knew not a care—
Casts the shade of its sadness o'er all that is fair."

We would fain extract the whole song, were it not for infringing too much upon the rights of the publisher. To those, however, who understand and can feel poetry, we are certain that this verse will be sufficient to create an appetite for the remainder.

The Lote Tree. Words by Miss Costello; Music by Lady A. Kennedy Erskine. Willis and Co.

A SWEET idea, with sweet words and sweet music. It is perfectly simple, and will prove an acquisition to our ballad-loving friends. The air is too much like a previous composition of Lady Erskine, "Thy form was fair," to be called strictly original.

A Lament on the Death of Sir John Stevenson. Same author. Music by M. Costa.

A HEAVY, dull air, unworthy of the subject, and also of the words, which are almost the best Miss Costello has ever written. We are sorry to see them wasted.

The Flowers of the Forest. Sung by Mrs. Wood. Lee.

IF this air had any other words it would meet with our cordial approbation. It is very sweet; but the old "Flowers of the Forest" is one of the most exquisite compositions ever written; and though the words of this are altered slightly, still it is "The Flowers of the Forest" with a new air; and we cannot like it. All who have heard Wilson sing the old song will, we are sure, agree with us, that no composition, however beautiful in itself, can be so appropriate as the exquisite one we have been accustomed to.

Angel Woman's Tear. Poetry by Capt. Addison; Music by Capt. Barton. A. Lee.

CAPT. ADDISON has evinced his usual taste in

the words of this song; and the music is very pretty and appropriate. We congratulate Capt. Barton on, we presume, his first appearance as a composer. Mr. Lee has arranged the air with ability.

My Switzer Home. Music by W. H. Montgomery. Jefferys.

WE have not heard a more delightful little song for some time. To the lovers of the gentle class of German airs we could not recommend a more pleasing composition. We are sure it may take its place among the many songs Mrs. Waylett has rendered popular by her charming singing.

Albion; a National Air. El. Naylor. Mills and Co.

MISS NAYLOR's style does not suit words of any kind. We have often praised her pieces of music, and regret to blame her song now before us; but, in our opinion, it wants melody, it wants energy—in truth, it wants every thing a national song should have. We hope to see Miss Naylor again publishing in the line suited to her talents.

The Ferry; a Barcarole. Words by Miss Costello; Music by the Hon. M. A. Jervis. Willis and Co.

A MONOTONOUS chant with a monotonous accompaniment. As a song, we think it dwells too long on one or two notes: with a second and third voice, it would make an admirable trio. In fact, it is more like the first part of a trio than a song.

The Hero of a Hundred Fights. S. Nelson. D'Almaine.

ANOTHER, and yet another, "national song for public meetings, dinners," &c. &c. &c. This may be an excellent and spirited composition; but our great complaint of this, as of others of this class, is the utter want of originality. We would recommend "radical reform," if it had produced any thing like harmony hitherto; but unless one were certain of the result, perhaps it is better to "let well alone."

England's Hope. D'Almaine and Co. ANOTHER national song, which is not at all to our taste; it has nothing striking,—nothing to distinguish it from the mass of music daily published, except a very good-looking portrait, which may be like England's hope, but is not very like Sir R. Peel.

The Grand March, for Conservative Dinners. H. Herz. Idem.

A SHORT, pleasant piece of music: the air is a well-known one, and is well introduced and arranged. To mediocre performers it will prove a great acquisition, as being pretty, and not difficult.

Queen of my Soul: Rizzio's last Song. Words by Miss Costello; Music by Miss Wollaston. Willis and Co.

A PRETTY song, though without any great merit either in words or music. The interest ever attached to even the most dubious parts of the history of the unhappy Mary Stuart, gives a great chance of popularity to any thing touching on the most trivial event of her troubled life.

The Merry Mountain Lasses. Words by Mrs. S. C. Hall; Music by F. Smith. Mori and Lavenau.

A PRETTY lively air; sung with much taste by Miss J. Smith, in the "French Refugee." The best proof of its being a favourite with the public is, that it is always called for twice.

Les Brillants. By T. Brown. Cramer and Co. As quadrilles, these are rather too long and

heavy, as a more simple arrangement of music is better calculated for the present style of dancing. As pieces for our young friends to practise, they are excellent; they should have been called lessons, and not quadrilles.

VARIETIES.

Weather-wisdom.—Morrison horribly wrong, quite the opposite of right, from our last till now, gives us little cause to anticipate that the following will turn out any better than Francis Moore:—"The 8th warmer, yet some tokens of rain continue. Wind and rain about the 10th. The 12th gloomy, cloudy kind of weather; cool for the time of year. The 13th night changes, but the weather is not hot for July."

Miss Chambers.—We trust the powers of harmony in this young lady's case will, at least, prove powerful enough to moderate the harshness of legal discord. Again, we observe, she has appealed to a concert to enable her to aid her unfortunate father, still the oppressed victim of the law; and what a host of talent is announced for the occasion. Pasta, Grisi, Albertazzi, Assandri, Mrs. A. Shaw, Clara Novello, Tamburini, Rubini, Lablache, Curioni, Ivanoff, De Begnis—a musical galaxy!

New Parliament Houses.—A grant of 88,000*l.* to commence the building of the new parliament houses, on Mr. Barry's designs, was passed by the Commons on Monday. The votes were 100 for to 20 adverse.

Record Commission.—18,172*l.* were voted to wind up the concerns of the commission under its existing constitution. It will henceforward be under the proper direction of the Master of the Rolls; and it is to be hoped, he conducted in a very different manner.

National Gallery.—9030*l.* were voted for the purchase of "Mercury and the Woodman," by Salvator Rosa; the Murillo lately described in our *Literary Gazette*; and a Rubens, also from the Gallery in Bond Street, for this national institution. Pity there is not what can be called a *National Gallery* to place them in.

They say it takes nine tailors to make a man—apparently, one is sufficient to ruin him."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

The Pride of Birth.—François de Clermont Tonnerre, Bishop of Noyon, under Louis XIV. so often mentioned by Madame de Sévigné, La Bruyère, and other contemporary writers, carried the vanity of birth to such an excess, as to become the object of universal ridicule and sarcasm, even in that age. An epigram describes the haughty prelate as disdaining to associate with the ignoble inmates of heaven; it ends thus:—

"On dit, qu'en entrant en paradis
Il fut reçu vaillé que vaillé,
Et qu'il eût sorti par mépris,
N'y trouvant que de la canaille."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of John Hunter, F.R.S., with Notes, edited by J. F. Palmer, Vol. III. 8vo. 17*s.* 6*d.*—Sketches from Life. Lyrics from the Penitentiary, and other Poems, by T. Ragg, 12mo. 5*s.*—A Traveller's Thoughts, or Lines suggested by a Tour on the Continent, post 8vo. 4*s.* cloth. —Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, from Drawings by F. Arundale, with his Tour, 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.*—Wanderings in Greece, by George Cochrane, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*s.*—The Story of the Three Bears, 12mo. 2*s.*—The Emigrant's Introduction to the British American Colonies, by S. S. Hill, 12mo. 3*s.*—Library of Useful Knowledge: Sheep, their Management, &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Memoirs of W. Carey, D.D. second edition, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Religion without Gloom, 12mo. 4*s.*—Sketches of Popular Tumults, 12mo. 7*s.*—The Philosophy of the Eye, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—English Pleasure Carriages, by W. B. Adams, 8vo. 15*s.*—Memoirs of Mrs. Hawkes, late of Islington, by C. Cecil, post 8vo. 10*s.*—Guido Sorelli's Confessions to Silvio Pellico, 3d edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 29	From 33 to 77	30.07 to 30.03
Friday .. 30	43 .. 75	30.03 .. 30.17
July.		
Saturday .. 1	35 .. 67	30.24 .. Stat.
Sunday .. 2	36 .. 75	30.22 .. 30.17
Monday .. 3	36 .. 75	30.16 .. 30.06
Tuesday .. 4	41 .. 74	30.07 .. Stat.
Wednesday 5	40 .. 74	30.09 .. 30.05

Winds very variable: north-east prevailing.
Generally clear, except the afternoon of the 5th, when a little rain fell.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude .. 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude .. 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society, May 1837.

Thermometer—Highest .. 70.75 .. the 17th.
Lowest .. 29.00 .. 9th.
Mean .. 46.1875
Barometer—Highest .. 30.10 .. 16th.
Lowest .. 29.34 .. 9th.
Mean .. 29.651

Number of days of rain and snow, 11.
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 0.8625.

Winds.—1 North-East—1 East—5 South—2 South-West—4 West—3 North-West—7 North.

General Observations.—Another month of cold weather was experienced, the mean temperature being lower than any, in the same month, during the last fourteen years. On five nights the thermometer was below the freezing point. The barometer was lower than usual, though not so low as in May 1835. Hall, rain, and snow, fell on the 16th; the quantity of rain was more than in the corresponding month last year, but yet less than the average. Thunder was heard in the distance on the 14th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING before our usual day—a day in this week set apart by a loyal and patriotic people to offer the last tribute of respect to the memory of their departed King—we trust our correspondents, advertising friends, and others, will make due allowance for any disappointments it may occasion to them.

Celebrated Women.—An error of ours has led to the following rather imperious letter, which we, notwithstanding, insert with pleasure, because it is always our wish to discharge our duty faithfully, and "no mistake!" Overlooking the brief page of preface alluded to by our esteemed correspondent, we certainly treated the work with a degree of severity, which could only be justified by the very high opinion we entertain of Mr. James; but, consequently, also, with a degree of severity not fairly applicable to a new and a female writer, who should have been tried upon her own merits, and not upon the elevated standard of her nephew. To both we owe the *amende honorable*.

Hampton Court, July 3, 1837.

Sir,—I cannot help feeling both surprised and indignant at a review contained in your Journal of the 24th June, which, owing to my absence from my usual residence, only met my eye to-day. In the face of every advertisement of a work called the "Lives of celebrated Women;" in the face of the title-page of the book; in the face of the preface which precedes it, you are pleased to attribute that work to me, both in the heading of your notice, and your notice itself. The advertisement, even in your own journal, you might very well never see; but the title-page of a book you reviewed, and the preface which was attached to that book, for the purpose of insuring the public against all deceit, direct or indirect, should have guarded you against the error you committed. In the title-page the book is stated only to be edited by me; and in the preface, I not only distinctly state that the work is the production of a lady who had intrusted the correction of the press to me, *her nephew*, but I declare that I had nothing whatever to do with the work, but as far as that correction of the press was concerned. With not one thought or opinion, assertion or idea, that the book contains, have I anything to do; and that such is the case is clearly stated in the preface, which must have lain under your hand at the moment you thought fit to attribute the work to me. How such a misstatement found its way into your columns you best know; but I must request that it be immediately corrected, and in such a manner as to render the refutation as public as the assertion.—I am yours, &c. G. P. R. JAMES.

R., a Subscriber, is declined with thanks.
It is out of our literary province, and belongs rather to a political journal, to interfere in the matter brought under our notice by A. F. R. to Seamen? We know nothing of the rules of the Trinity Society; but, surely, if our correspondent at Exeter addressed the secretary, his ears would not be shut to the cry of the sailor's widow and orphans.

ERRATUM.—In last week's *Gazette*, p. 400, col. 1, line 2, for *Rome road Home*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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Admission 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

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THE BRITISH MAGAZINE for July.

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